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Cover designed by Watt

Hamptons—for fine reproductions of the antique

FOR more than a hundred years, the House of Hampton has been devoted exclusively to the production of supremely tasteful Decoration and Furnishings. Consequently, the Furnishings and decorative accessories on view in Hamptons' Showrooms are always conspicuous for exceptional interest and artistic merit. The Furniture illustrated above, for example, is a photographic reproduction, in colour, of a group in one of Hamptons' Showrooms for Tudor Period reproductions.

As an example of space ideally utilized, combined with a native artistic merit that is always pleasing, it would be difficult to find anything better than the carved oak Court Cupboard, Hamptons' C.16201, with its two full-width cupboards and two half-width drawers, the price of which is only £24. Not only is this Buffet permanently pleasant to live with but it also exemplifies, to the fullest degree, the "fitness for purpose" qualification, which is often said to be an advantage that is peculiar to "Modern style" Furniture.

The Gateleg table again is a facsimile reproduction of a XVIth Century model. Everyone, surely, will admit that this is as decorative as it is useful. The number of this is C.18016 and the price is 72/6. The top measures 25in. by 22in. and the height, 2ft., is just right for use beside an Easy Chair, as a rest for a cocktail, a cup of tea, an ash tray or a book.

Although the Arm chair, Hamptons' S.17194, £11 12s. 6d., is a copy of a XVIIth Century model, it has all the comfort of a 20th Century production, and, obviously, the decorative value of it is not surpassed by any present-day designs. The covering is of good quality damask with an appliqué panel of silk brocade, and the seat is fitted with a loose cushion.

The House of Hampton has always been famous for exceptionally interesting Furnishing Fabrics in the Period styles. For schemes in the styles of the Tudor and Jacobean Periods, their displays include an extensive selection of Printed Linens, Tapestries, Damasks, etc., Fabrics specially suitable for such schemes are available at very moderate prices—the printed linens, for example, range from 2s. 11d. per yard upwards, in designs which have been adapted from those of Fabrics which, it is pleasant to remember, were actually in use in XVIIth Century English Homes.

For use with reproduction Furniture of the Tudor period, antique Persian strips, carpets and rugs provide a specially appropriate Floor covering. Always, in the Carpet Department, there is an extensive selection of rugs similar in character to the one shown in the above illustration, and to readers who cannot visit the showrooms, Hamptons are always pleased to forward a selection of rugs expressly chosen to any given sizes and colourings.

A predilection for Home furnishings of this character is in the blood of British born folk, and not the least advantage of selecting Tudor period Furniture is the fact that, with ordinary use, it is improved and enhanced in value by the passing years.

HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., PALL MALL EAST

TRAFALGAR SQ., LONDON, S.W.1. WHITEHALL 1020

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JUNE, MY DAUGHTER

from the portrait by

KENNETH FORBES

Exhibited at the Royal Academy 1938

AFTER THE DEFEAT OF SENNACHERIB

Tobit, a pious captive from Judaea, buries some unfortunate compatriots of his who had met their death in Nineveh

THE INTRODUCTION OF AZARIAS AS A COMPANION FOR TOBIAS ON HIS JOURNEY

THE book of Tobit, in the Apocrypha, is the life story of Tobit, an Israelite from Kadesh Naphtali in Galilee. He had been carried away captive to Nineveh, by the great King of Assyria, Shalmanezer, who had conquered Samaria, and brought final destruction upon the Kingdom of Israel. Tobit was a devout Jew, paying the customary visits to Jerusalem, carrying the first fruits and tenths of his increase to give to the priests. But his family, like all the tribes of Naphtali, had fallen away, worshipping Baal. Tobit had married Anna, of the seed of his family, and of her had begotten Tobias.

"And when I was carried away captive to Nineveh, all my brethren and those that were of my kindred did eat of the bread of the Gentiles; but I kept myself from eating, because I remembered God with all my soul."

HE gained favour in the sight of Shalmanezer and was made his purveyor. During one of his journeys to Media he left ten talents of silver, in trust, with Gabael, at Rages.

But when Shalmanezer was dead, and Sennacherib his son reigned in his stead—"in his time the highways were troubled, and I could no more go into Media." Sennacherib had led a vast army into Judah, meaning to capture Jerusalem, and then proceed on to the conquest of Egypt. But a terrible disaster had smitten his army, and he had had to flee to Nineveh, leaving "an hundred fourscore and five thousand dead men outside the walls of Jerusalem."

TOBIT tells how he strove to help his poor fellow-countrymen when he had the means.

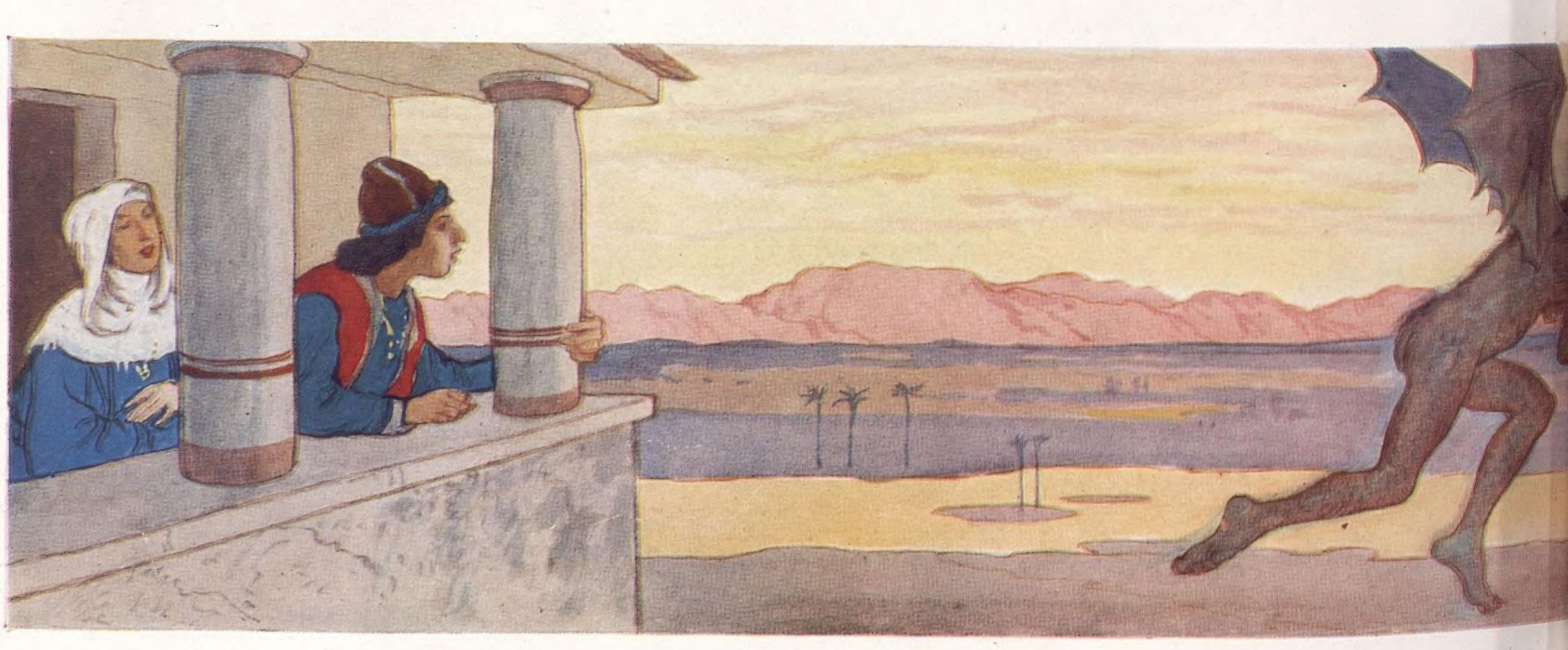
"I did many almsdeeds. I gave my bread to the hungry, and my garments to the naked; and if I saw any of my race dead and cast forth on the wall of Nineveh, I buried him. And if Sennacherib, the King, slew any, when he came fleeing from Judaea, I buried them privily; for in his wrath he slew many; and the bodies were sought for by the King, and were not found. But one of the Ninevites went and showed the King concerning me . . . when I knew that I was sought for to be put to death, I withdrew myself for fear. And all my goods were forcibly taken away, and there was nothing left unto me, save my wife Anna and my son Tobias."

Thirty-five days later Sennacherib was slain by two of his sons, and Esarhaddon reigned in his stead, appointing Achiacharus, Tobit's nephew, over all the accounts of his kingdom. Through the intervention of Achiacharus Tobit was permitted to return to Nineveh.

During the Feast of Pentecost, Tobit sent out his son Tobias to bring in some poor brethren to share their dinner. Tobias returned saying that there was a dead body in the market place. Tobit hurried off, and brought away the body and buried it when the sun was set.

"AND the same night I returned from burying him, and slept by the wall of my courtyard, being polluted; and my face was uncovered, and I knew not that there were sparrows on the

AND THE YOUNG MAN'S DOG WENT WITH HIM



THE FLIGHT OF THE DEMON ASMODÆUS FROM THE BRIDAL CHAMBER

Tobias puts the heart and liver of th smoke drives away the demon who

THE STORY OF TOBIAS

The ANGEL and the DOG

The wonderful narrative from the Book of Tobit, here specially illustrated for the Sphere

. . . . . by George Morrow

The blind Tobit is rather a stickler for family even in his dire poverty in Nineveh and asks Azarias for details concerning his people.

wall; mine eyes being open, the sparrows muted warm dung into mine eyes, and white films came in mine eyes; and I went to the physicians, and they helped me not.

Tobit was now reduced to poverty owing to his blindness. His wife, Anna, did spinning and was paid wages. One day she brought back a kid, which Tobit told her to return, fearing it had been stolen. She assured him it was a gift, but he did not believe her, and they reproached one another.

Tobit prayed to God asking for death, "for it is profitable for me to die rather than to live, because I have heard false reproaches, and there is much sorrow in me."

At the same time another prayer reached Heaven from Sarah, the daughter of Raguel in Ecbatana, in Media, who had also been reproached by her maidservants, "because she had been given to seven husbands, and Asmodæus, the demon, slew him, before they had laid with her . . . when she heard these things she was grieved exceedingly, so that she thought to have hanged herself."

BUT she remembered that she was the only child of her father—"If I do this, it shall be a reproach unto him, and I shall bring down his old age with sorrow to the grave."

"And she prayed by the window . . . And now, Lord, I have set mine eyes and my face toward thee: command that I be released from the earth, and that I no more hear reproach . . . if it pleaseth thee not to slay me, command some regard to be had of me, and pity taken of me, and that I hear no more reproach."

"THE prayer of both was heard before the glory of the great God. Raphael was sent to heal them both, to scale away the white films from Tobit's eyes, and to give Sarah the daughter of Raguel to Tobias, the son of Tobit; and to bind Asmodæus, the evil sprit."

Meanwhile, Tobit remembered the ten talents left in trust and called Tobias to him, giving him advice and counsel before he sent him forth on his journey, to honour his mother, and to do righteousness.

"Give alms of thy substance . . . alms is a good gift in the sight of the Most High for all that give it . . . take first a wife of the seed of thy fathers . . . let not the wages of any man, which shall work for thee, tarry with thee, but render it unto him out of hand. Take heed to thyself, my child, in all thy works, and be discreet in all thy behaviour. And what thou hatest, do to no man."

Tobias answered: "Father, I will do all things, whatsoever thou commandest, but how shall I be able to receive the money, seeing I know him not?" Tobit produced a paper and told Tobias to seek a man to travel with him.

Tobias finds Raphael, "which was an angel, and he knew it not"—and asks him "Can I go with thee to Rages of Media and knowest thou the places well? and the angel said unto him, I will go with thee: and I know the way very well."

TOBIAS brings Raphael to his father, they salute one another, and Tobit enquires of what family or tribe he is. Raphael answered: "Seekest thou a tribe and a family, or a hired (*Continued on page* 42)

Tobias captures a huge fish in the Tigris after being very scared by the task, in the successful accomplishment of which he is directed by Azarias.

...h on the incense ashes and the ...n caught and bound in Egypt

TOBIAS IS ALARMED AT THE PROSPECT OF WEDDING SARAH

"But then, Azarias, I have heard that this maid has been given to seven men, and that they have all perished in the bride-chamber."

• IN OLD E

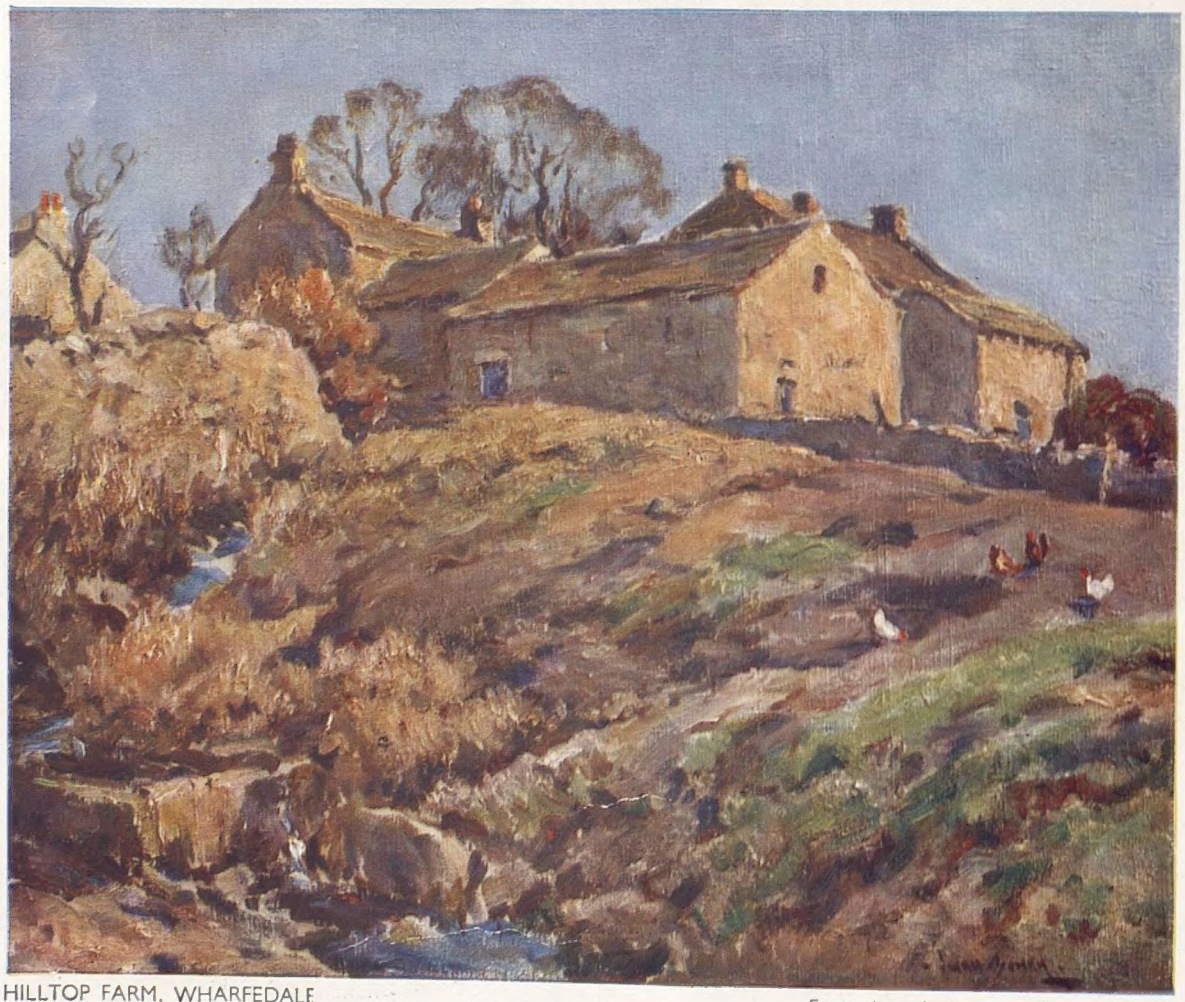
THE LITTLE GREEN SHOP

Drawn by P. J. WESTWOOD; Pastel Society's Exhibition, 1938

RUMBURGH PRIORY: Remains of a Benedictine foundation dating from 1065

From the water colour drawing by R. W. BALDWIN

A LITTLE GALLERY OF LANDSCAPE by modern artists



HILLTOP FARM, WHARFEDALE

From the painting by OWEN BOWEN: Exhibited at the R.A., 1938

'Something which England alone can show." George Gissing on an old-time village (1903).

"The simple beauty of the architecture, its perfect adaptation to the natural surroundings, the neatness of everything though without formality, the general cleanness and good repair, the grace of cottage gardens, that tranquility and security which make a music in the mind of him who gazes—these are what a man must see and feel if he would appreciate the worth and the power of England."

There's the red-brick chimney'd house, the ivied haunt of swallows,
All its garden up and down and full of hills and hollows;
Past the lawn, the sunken fence whose brink the laurel follows;
And then the knee-deep pasture where the herd for ever wallows. . . .

Agnes Mary Frances Duclaux.

GLAND •

PETWORTH

From the painting by D. H. DE CARTERET
R.B.A. Exhibition, Suffolk Street, 1938

THE WINDMILLS AT OUTWOOD

From the drawing by W. REDWORTH
Pastel Society's Exhibition, 1938

• THE MIRACLE •

by Roy Elston

HIGH above Tortosa, in an angle of the city's ancient Hispano-Moorish fortifications, is a small, half-ruined chapel. Its foundations suggest Visigothic origin; but not enough was left of the chapel to give it remarkable significance until there happened, quite recently, what some call an accident and others a miracle.

The half-ruined chapel emerges from the Western angle of a rocky summit, which is strewn with the wreckage of what must have been one of the strongest citadels in Spain. Half Tortosa is gripped to its steep flanks, and is divided from the other half by a cleft in the rock.

The fierce Spanish sun has dried all colour out of the stricken summit. There is only the hard whiteness of protruding rock and masonry, and the sinister blackness of dungeon and cave, from which, if you listen, come eerie stirrings.

Below, the Ebro on its sluggish march to the sea is like a bleaching skin stretched loosely over the fertile delta.

With his back resting against one of the walls of the chapel, Peter Leighton sat writing a letter, the writing-pad supported on his half-raised thigh. So still was it, that he could hear himself breathing, and the sound of his pen, as he wrote, sometimes startled him.

"To certain people," he wrote, "there are two or three things which make life worth living. For me there have been three—my Art, my Faith and You; but all three have been essentially one thing, and because I have lost my art and my faith, I have lost you.

"You deny that, of course. You denied it passionately when I went away from you three years ago. That was your loyalty, your goodness; above all—your pity. You forgot that my faith had been, not a solace but an inspiration; and my art, not a career but the very reason of my being. Without these two things I had become like a man without eyes and without heart."

Peter Leighton paused in his writing. He could hear, very faintly, the sound of guns from far up the valley. Soon the Government forces would be in Tortosa to defend it against the Nationalists.

He folded up the writing-pad and replaced it in a pocket of his coat. Then he rose and entered the roofless chapel. He stood for a moment contemplating an unfinished fresco of the Virgin and Child on the Eastern wall of the chapel. Urged by an inexplicable force, which, though he mocked at, and was inclined to attribute to a perversion of his brain, yet bore down all his efforts at resistance, Peter Leighton had been working on that fresco for three weeks.

It was as if his subconscious self had made a last, despairing effort to recover the genius, and with it the love of life, which his objective, conscious self, had long ago given up as lost for ever.

Well, he reflected, the thing had been a failure. The fresco was lifeless, cold, like the ashes of a long-forgotten fire.

He gazed intently at the child in the arms of the Virgin: there was something there, something tragic and pitiful. He had painted the child in the likeness of his son, David. But it was like a dead child. A dead child . . . David had died. He had seen David die. He had been the very cause of David's death. And that cold, impassive Virgin, holding the dead child in her arms, could not bring life back to the child. She was lifeless herself.

The fresco had been seen by only one other person. A little peasant woman had come each night into the chapel as if to study what progress he had made throughout the day. She came always when the sun had already dropped behind the hills towards Aragon. "You cannot see anything in this light, Señora," Peter Leighton had said.

"There is light enough," she had replied simply, in that marvellously sweet voice that always surprised him in a woman of the fields, speaking the harsh Catalan tongue.

He had found it difficult to place the woman. She spoke very rarely, and then in a few, simple words to which her voice seemed to give a profounder meaning than the actual words implied. He had never seen her crossing the hill summit to the little chapel. When she came, she came unexpectedly, as if she had dropped from nowhere; then, a little while later, he would be gazing out of the chapel window, or for some other trivial reason be looking away from the woman; and when he had turned again, she would be gone.

INTERIOR : by Denys G. Wells Exhibited R.A. 1938

He had seen her for the first time three weeks ago, at sunset. Several days before that he had come to Tortosa, drawn by one of those anguished memories that still, from time to time, broke in upon his cold objectivity with a bitter-sweet nostalgia. Over three years ago he had been travelling through Spain with Julia, his wife, and David, his five-years-old son. They had been taking the coast road from Barcelona to Valencia, and thence to Malaga; and had halted at the ancient town of Tortosa.

Julia had caught a mild fever, and they had been obliged to remain in Tortosa for nearly a month. He and David had explored the Ebro Valley for many miles, and both of them had grown to love this strange, almost African landscape, and especially the queer old city of Tortosa, with its friendly citizens like Gothic bas-reliefs; its carpenters, iron-forgers, and oil-millers.

That had been the happiest time of the Spanish visit. When Julia had recovered they went straight on to Malaga, so that Julia could rest and receive proper care before going on to Madrid and Seville, where Peter Leighton intended to study the works of the great Spanish painters, with whom, so critics in London and Paris had said, his own art, with its fervently religious urge, had much in common.

At Malaga the tragedy happened. Julia had begged him not to take David in the little sailing boat. He had laughed at her fears. A sudden squall had capsized the little boat. Peter Leighton had searched through the storm like a man in a frenzy; and when a fishing boat picked him up, alone, and half-unconscious, he had struggled against his rescuers like a madman.

With David's death the faith and the genius of Peter Leighton died also. He did not become morbid. He tried hard enough, for Julia's sake, to recover both; and he had failed. In the end, he went away from Julia and returned to Spain. He had had a faint, despairing hope that there, where he had lost so much, perhaps he could recover something. Three years of wandering up and down the country, struggling, not any more for his faith, but for the art that had been to him his whole life's meaning.

He had come back to end it in Tortosa, where the ghosts of his and David's last hours of happiness still stirred along the green banks of the Ebro, and up among the rocky heights.

Since his arrival at Tortosa some influence he could not explain had drawn him to the little chapel high up on the citadel hill. He had wondered several times what it was that drew him so irresistibly up the steep, rocky sides of the hill and straight across the debris of stone and marble to the (*Continued on page 43*)

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Tory, saunt or sinner, as the wind stood. He was a professor in this revolution warld, but he liked an orra sough of this warld, and a tune on the pipes weel aneugh at a bytime, and abune a', he thought he had gude security for the siller he lent my gudesire ower the stocking at Primrose Knowe.

Away trots my gudesire to Redgauntlet Castle, wi' a heavy purse and a light heart, glad to be out of the Laird's danger. Weel, the first thing he learned at the castle was, that Sir Robert had fretted himself into a fit of the gout, because he did not appear before twelve o'clock. It wasna a'thegither for sake of the money, Dougal thought; but because he didna like to part wi' my gudsire aff the grund. Dougal was glad to see Steenie, and brought him into the greak oak parlour, and there sat the Laird his leesome lane, excepting that he had beside him a great, ill-favoured jackanape, that was a special pet of his; a cankered beast it was, and mony an ill-natured trick it played —ill to please it was, and easily angered—ran about the haill castle, chattering and yowling, and pinching and biting folk, especially before ill weather, or disturbances in the state. Sir Robert caa'd it Major Weir, after the warlock that was burnt, and few folk liked either the name or the conditions of the creature—they thought there was something in it by ordinar—and my gudesire was not just easy in his mind when the door shut on him, and he saw himself in the room wi' naebody but the Laird, Dougal MacCallum, and the Major, a thing that hadna chanced to him before.

Sir Robert sat, or, I should say, lay, in a great armed chair, wi' his grand velvet gown, and his feet on a cradle; for he had baith gout and gravel, and his face looked as gash and ghastly as Satan's. Major Weir sat opposite to him, in a red laced coat, and the Laird's wig on his head, and aye as Sir Robert girned wi' pain, the jackanape girned, too, like a sheep's-head between a pair of tangs—an ill-faured, fearsome couple they were. The Laird's buff-coat was hung on a pin behind him, and his broad-sword and his pistols within reach; for he keepit up the auld fashion ready, and a horse saddled day and night, when he was able to loup on horseback and ill folk he could get speerings of. Some said Whigs taking vengeance, but I judge it was he wasna gien to fear ony thing. The rental- and brass clasps, was lying beside him, and sangs was put betwixt the leaves, to keep ere it bore evidence against the Goodman of Primrose Knowe, as behind the hand with his mails and duties. Sir Robert gave my gudesire a look as if he would have withered his heart in his bosom. Ye maun ken he had a way of bending his brows, that men saw the visible mark of a horseshoe in his forehead, deep-dinted, as if it had been stamped there.

"Are ye come light-handed, ye son of a toom whistle?" said Sir Robert. "Zounds! if you are."

My gudesire, with as gude a countenance as he could put on, made a leg, and placed the bag of money on the table wi' a dash, like a man that does something clever. The Laird drew it to him hastily: "Is it all here, Steenie, man?"

"Your honour will find it right," said my gudesire.

"Here, Dougal," said the Laird, "gie Steenie a tass of brandy down stairs, till I count the siller and write the receipt."

But they werena weel out of the room, when Sir Robert gied a yelloch the garr'd the Castle rock! Back ran Dougal—in flew the livery men—yell on yell gied the Laird, ilk ane mair awfu' than the ither. My gudesire knew not whether to stand or flee, but he ventured back into the parlour, where a' was gaun hirdy-girdie—naebody to say "come in," or "gae out." Terribly the Laird roared for cauld water to his feet, and wine to cool his throat, and hell, hell, hell, and its flames, was aye the word in his mouth. They brought him water, and when they plunged his swoln feet into the tub, he cried out it was burning, and folk say that it *did* bubble and sparkle like a seething caldron. He flung the cup at Dougal's head, and said he had given him blood instead of burgundy; and, sure aneugh the lass washed clotted blood aff the carpet the neist day. The jackanape they caa'd Major Weir, it jibbered and cried as if it was mocking its master; my gudesire's head was like to turn—he forgot baith siller and receipt and down stairs he banged; but as he ran, the shrieks came faint and fainter; there was a deep-drawn shivering groan, and word gaed through the Castle that the Laird was dead.

Weel, away came my gudesire, wi' his finger in his mouth, and his best

The appearance gnashed its teeth and laughed, but took from a large pocket book the receipt and handed it to Steenie. "There is your receipt, ye pitiful cur, and for the money, my dog whelp of a son may go look for it in the Cat's Cradle"

WANDERING WILLIE'S TALE:

(*Continued from preceding page*)

hope was that Dougal had seen the moneybag, and heard the Laird speak of writing the receipt. The young Laird, now Sir John, came from Edinburgh to see things put to rights. Sir John and his father never gree'd weel. Sir John had been bred an advocate, and afterwards sat in the last Scots Parliament and voted for the Union, having gotten, it was thought, a rug of the compensations—if his father could have come out of his grave, he would have brained him for it on his awn hearthstane. Some thought it was easier counting with the auld rough Knight than the fairspoken young ane—but mair of that anon.

Dougal MacCallum, poor body, neither grat nor graned, but gaed about the house looking like a corpse, but directing, as was his duty, a' the order of the grand funeral. Now, Dougal looked aye waur and waur when night was coming, and was aye the last to gang to his bed, whilk was in a little round just opposite the chamber of dais, whilk his master occupied while he was living, and where he now lay in state, as they caa'd it, weel-a-day! The night before the funeral, Dougal could keep his awn counsel nae langer; he came down with his proud spirit, and fairly asked auld Hutcheon to sit in his room with him for an hour. When they were in the round, Dougal took ae tass of brandy to himsell, and gave another to Hutcheon, and wished him all health and lang life, and said that, for himsel', he wasna lang for this world; for that, every night since Sir Robert's death, his silver call had sounded from the state chamber, just as it used to do at nights in his life time, to call Dougal to help to turn him in his bed. Dougal said that, being alone with the dead on that floor of the tower (for naebody cared to wake Sir Robert Redgauntlet like another corpse), he had never daured to answer the call, but that now his conscience checked him for neglecting his duty: for, "though death breaks service,"

"What is it ye want with me, freend," he said. "If ye be a robber I have nae money"

He was lying in the auld [illegible] parochine . . . [illegible]

said MacCallum, "it shall never break my service to Sir Robert, and I will answer his next whistle, so be you will stand by me, Hutcheon."

Hutcheon had nae will to the wark, but he had stood by Dougal in battle and broil, and he wad not fail him at this pinch; so down the carles sat ower a stoup of brandy, and Hutcheon, who was something of a clerk, would have read a chapter of the Bible: but Dougal would hear naething but a blaud of Davie Lindsay, whilk was the waur preparation.

When midnight came, and the house was quiet as the grave, sure aneugh the silver whistle sounded as sharp and shrill as if Sir Robert was blowing it, and up gat the twa auld serving-men, and tottered into the room where the dead man lay. Hutcheon saw aneugh at the first glance: for there were torches in the room, which showed him the foul fiend in his ain shape, sitting on the Laird's coffin! Over he cowped as if he had been dead. He could not tell how lang he lay in a trance at the door, but when he gathered himself, he cried on his neighbour, and getting nae answer, raised the house, when Dougal was found lying dead within twa steps of the bed where his master's coffin was placed. As for the whistle, it was gaen anes and aye; but mony a time was it heard at the top of the house on the bartizan, and amang the auld chimneys and turrets, where the howlets have their nests. Sir John hushed the matter up, and the funeral passed over without mair boglewark.

But when a' was over, and the Laird was beginning to settle his affairs, every tenant was called up for his arrears, and my gudesire for the full sum that stood against him in the rental-book. Weel, away he trots to the castle, to tell his story, and there he is introduced to Sir John, sitting in his father's chair, in deep mourning, with weepers and hanging cravat, and a small walking rapier by his side, instead of the auld broadsword that had a hundredweight of steel about it, what with blade, chape and basket-hilt. I have heard their communing so often tauld ower, that I almost think I was there mysell, though I couldna be born at the time. (In fact, Alan, my companion mimicked, with a good deal of humour, the flattering, conciliating tone of the tenant's address, and the hypocritical melancholy of the Laird's reply. His grandfather, he said, had, while he spoke, his eye fixed on the rental-book, as if it were a mastiff-dog that he was afraid would spring up and bite him.) "I wuss ye joy, sir, of the head seat, and the white loaf, and the braid lairdship. Your father was a kind man to friends and followers: muckle grace to you, Sir John, to fill his shoon—his boots, I suld say, for he seldom wore shoon, unless it were muils when he had the gout."

"Ay, Steenie," quoth the Laird, sighing deeply, and putting his napkin to his een, "his was a sudden call, and he will be missed in the country; not time to set his house in order—weel prepared Godward, no doubt, which is the root of the matter—but left us behind a tangled hesp to wind, Steenie. Hem! Hem! We maun go to business, Steenie: much to do, and little time to do it in."

Here he opened the fatal volume. I have heard of a thing they call Doomsday-book—I am clear it has been a rental of back-ganging tenants.

"Stephen," said Sir John, still in the same soft, sleekit tone of voice, "Stephen Stevenson, or Steenson, ye are down here for a year's rent behind the hand—due at last term."

Stephen. "Please your honour, Sir John, I paid it to your father."

Sir John. "Ye took a receipt then, doubtless, Stephen: and can produce it?"

Stephen. "Indeed I hadna time, an' it like your honour: for nae sooner had I set doun the siller, and just as his honour,

(*Continued on page 53*)

THE SQUIRREL

from the painting by

MORGAN RENDLE

Exhibited at the Royal Academy Exhibition, 1938

THE CHARM OF THE LITTLE

as exemplified in the delightful detail of

THE DOLL'S HOUSE

A Parlour in Queen Victoria's reign, with a fine display of gold-framed engravings and photographs on the wall and fringed furniture on patterned carpets, from a doll's house in the Victoria and Albert Museum

The attempt to gratify a child's persistent longing for miniature replicas of adult possessions, has left us with many tangible and intimate details of the domestic paraphernalia with which our ancestors were surrounded.

As the doll of any country or period is an interesting record of the fashions of its "makers," so the doll's house is the most perfect replica of domestic environment at the time of its inspiration; for here we have, not only the fashions in furnishings, wall-papers, curtains and carpets, but all the contemporary pots and pans, ornaments, pictures, mirrors and cutlery, every item, in fact, that a child might find necessary to imitate the everyday household tasks and diversions with which she was familiar.

With the aid of this fascinating collection of dolls and dolls' houses preserved in the Victoria and Albert Museum, one can do much to reconstruct the more intimate aspects of domestic life during the early eighteenth century and the nineteenth century

Some of these little houses in miniature, with their occupants, are here reproduced for the first time in colour.

A Victorian Living-room

A Victorian "parlour" in all its representative glory, is a striking example of over-crowding. Its endless pattern, bead-work and wool-work, fringes and tassels, wax flowers in glass cases, ornate mirrors and assorted conglomeration of photographs and prints upon the walls, are all imitated in this room with such perfection, that the general impression is not so much of a perfect replica of contemporary surroundings—but of a clever satire on the modes and manners of 100 years ago. Perhaps the crowning touch is the small child, a little obscured here by the red tassel, seated at the piano pounding out her "piece" to a roomfull of bored relations.

SOME DOLLS OF THE POWELL COLLECTION

On exhibition in the Doll's House section of the Victoria and Albert Museum.

Some of the Powell Dolls

This illustration is a corner of a col dolls made from periods, 1814, 1842, 1853 respectively. see the low-neck waisted, short- "Empire gown" of loping into the bell- crinolines, capes and nets of the 50's. background of fire- what-nots and sticks equally su either.

A Bedroom of 1840-1850

These two rooms, from the same doll's house, are extremely interesting records of the mid-nineteenth century.

The bedroom with its daring wall-paper, well-draped bed and petticoated dressing-table, vividly recalls to mind the characteristic atmosphere of our grand-parents' houses.

Every feminine requisite can be found in this accommodating bedroom, from the pitchers, basins, towels, foot-bath and water-cans for the day's ablutions to the adequately supplied dressing-table with its pincushions, glove-box, brushes.

A Well-stocked Kitchen of 1840-1850

Delightfully simple touches such as the red-coated footman with his newspaper, the tabby cat and the cook toasting by the range add realism to this well-stocked kitchen of a century ago.

Every conceivable aid to culinary perfection has been included, and the bellows, warming-pan and flatirons add a luxurious touch.

The proud owner of such a kitchen could mix, wash, boil, fry, grill, toast and arrange a well seasoned meal beneath the shining copper covers, with very little imagination.

A Queen Anne Living-Room

In one example we have an early eighteenth-century living-room packed with contemporary silver, glass, pewter and copper-ware.

On the further table can be seen the handle-less teacups, which were in general use for a century or so after the introduction of tea. Amongst other beautifully made items are to be seen two coffee-pots, spirit-kettles, silver comfit dishes and a sugar bowl, all fashionable luxuries indispensable to the hostess who entertained her guests with the new and expensive drinks of coffee and chocolate.

(*Continued on a later page*)

Queen Anne period Dolls; in a separate dolls' room, set up round the figures and the furniture

AN EARLY VICTORIAN KITCHEN WITH ITS SHINING ARRAY OF POTS AND PANS

One of the rooms of a Doll's House in the collection on exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum

WIFE and DAUGHTER . . .

write letters to Calais when Henry the Eighth was King

Honor Viscountess Lisle was wife of the governor of Calais (A.D. 1538). She leaves for Dover to pay a visit to England and sends this letter back to her husband.

MINE OWN SWEET HEART,

THIS shall be to advertise you that I have had a goodly and fair passage; but it was somewhat slow, and long ere I landed; for this night, at ten of the clock, I arrived. I thank God I was but once sick in all the way; and after that I was merry and well, and should have been much merrier if I had been coming towards you, or if you had been with me. Your absence and my departuremaketh heavy; also for that I departed at the stair at Calais so hastily, without taking my leave of you accordingly, made me very sorry; but I assure you, my lord, that I thought you had been in the boat, and would have brought me to the ship, as you said you would do.

This letter I began yesternight at supper time, intending to have sent it to you by John Nele; and because it was in the night late, they looked not for me, so that there was no provision here ready for me, but, while the supper was in dressing, I told to John Nele, Marks, John Smith, and Lamb how I had at supper, merry and then John Nele promised to come again in the morning for a token to your lordship; but, contrary to his promise, he went his way at three of the clock in the morning, giving me no warning thereof, which, I assure you, have not made me a little sorry, for that I fear you should conceive any unkindness or displeasure towards me, thinking me so negligent that that I would not write to you.

The counsel and company of John Nele did me much ease, and caused us to come to land much sooner than we should have done; but he did me not so much pleasure that way, but he have done me much more displeasure by this means. I beseech your lordship to be good lord to Asheton, the gunner; for I assure you he is an honest man, and I think he loveth your lordship as well as any man in Calais. Lamb had a very evil chance, and ran his ship against the pier; I think John Nele have shewed you thereof; but I was out of the ship ere that time. The said Lamb will take no money of me for passage, not for the ship; but he have taken of me two crowns for himself, which I gave him for the passage. I gave him the two crowns because he had loss by the breaking of his bowsprit and fore part of his ship. And thus, good sweetheart, I bid you most heartily farewell; praying to Almighty God to send me good speed in my suit, that I may have a short end, and return to you shortly again; for I shall think every hour ten till I be with you again.

From Dover, the 7th day of November.

By her that is both your and her own, HONOR LISLE.

THE ROOM WITH THE GREEN CURTAINS

From the painting by Marjory Whittington, exhibited at the R.B.A. 1938

This was followed by another after Lady Lisle had seen King Henry at Hampton Court, where she was staying.

MINE OWN SWEET GOOD LORD,

EVEN with whole heart and mind, I have me most heartily commended unto you. And yesterday I wrote you by George Brown, of the wardrobe, how the king's highness entertained me, yet forgot I to write you, that his grace at the banquet wished you there; and I answered his highness, that you would, with all your heart, have been there, and that notwithstanding your absence it shall not be a little comfort to you to hear that his grace had you in remembrance.

I assure you, my lord, his highness asked heartily for you, and wished you as heartily to have been at this banquet, which was the best that ever I was at, and was partly made for me. For at my coming to the court, I thought not upon it till Mr. Grenway, the gentleman usher, met me with a wherry, and caused me to land at the privy-stairs, where Mr. Henneage received me, and so conveyed me to my chamber appointed, and there Mr. Comptroller met me, where was a rich bed furnished, and nothing lacking for me nor my folks; where I also found his grace most singular lord unto me in my suits; for that both the lords are commanded no further to meddle with any part of my son's inheritance . . .

During the same year, 1538, Lady Lisle received letters from her daughter Anne Bassett who had been sent into France to perfect her French, Calais being so English that a proper opportunity for learning French was not afforded there.

RIGHT HONOURABLE AND MY MOST ESPECIAL GOOD LADY AND MOTHER

IN my humblest wise I have me lowly commended unto my especial good lord and father, and unto your ladyship, according unto my natural and bounden duty, desiring your daily blessing, which is more comfort unto me than all worldly treasure; beseeching your ladyship not to conceive any ingratitude toward me, that I, according unto my duty, have not written unto you since my coming into England. (*Continued on a later page*)

THE ROAD THROUGH THE WOOD

A Winter Camera Study

LOOKING FOR MISCHIEF

A camera study of three little rogues

FAMILY FRIENDS

A fireside study of Domestic bliss

"I therefore bore up and steered parallel to them at a distance of two cables' length, and opened the broadside on them"

From a drawing by JACK MATTHEW illustrating the action of H.M.S. *Northumberland* and the *Growler*

IN the Days of the NELSON TOUCH

THE great deeds of the British Navy in the late eighteenth century and the early years of the nineteenth are famous, but not so well known are the tales of everyday doings, small actions and engagements that may have been just routine work to the men taking part in them, but which in some cases at least, had far-reaching consequences.

The Royal Navy was fully occupied during those years, and her duties sent her to every part of the world. In addition to constant watch and ward over our own coast, she hunted out and engaged the enemy on the Spanish and French coasts, in the North Sea, the West Indies, and the coasts and rivers and great lakes of America.

Take the following case of H.M.S. *Northumberland* and some French vessels. It happened that early in 1812, the French frigates *Arienne* and *Andromaque* (40 guns) accompanied by the *Mamelouck*, a 16 gun brig-corvette, left Nantes upon a cruise. The object was to inflict as much damage upon British ships and shipping as possible. After an exciting chase by H.M.S. *Endymion* and *Leopard*, in which the Frenchmen escaped, these ships proceeded to plunder and destroy ships of all sorts and nationalities, American, Spanish, Portuguese, as well as British. Admiral Lord Keith, Commander in Chief of the Channel Fleet, gave orders that they must be destroyed or captured at all costs. Captain the Honourable Henry Hotham of H.M.S. *Northumberland* was chosen for this task; and set out from Ushant in search of his prey on May 19th, 1812. The three French ships were sighted near Isle Groix on the 22nd; perhaps the story of their defeat is best told in the words of the Captain, the Hon. Henry Hotham himself.

"The purpose of intercepting two French frigates and a brig, lately seen at sea, has been accomplished by their total destruction at the entrance of L'Orient by H.M.S. *Northumberland* and the gun brig *Growler*. The wind very light from the W. by N., they were discovered in the N.W. crowding all possible sail before it, for L'Orient. My first endeavour was to cut them off to windward of the Island (of Groa or Groix), and a signal was made to the *Growler* 7 miles off, to chase: but, finding I could not effect it, the *Northumberland* was pushed by every exertion round the end of Groa and by hauling to the wind as close as I could to leeward of it, I had the satisfaction of fetching to windward of the harbour mouth before the enemy ships reached it. Their commandant, seeing himself thus cut off, made a signal to his two consorts and hauled to the wind on the larboard tack to windward of Point Salut, and they appeared to speak each other. I continued beating to windward between Groa and the Continent to close with them, exposed to the batteries on both sides. When I stood within their reach, which was unavoidable, the wind had by this time freshened considerably and was about W.N.W.

"AT 49 minutes after 2 p.m., in force as above described, (they) bore up in close line ahead and, under every sail that could be set, favoured by the fresh wind, made a bold and determined attempt to run between me and the shore, under cover of the numerous batteries with which it is lined in that part. I placed the *Northumberland* to meet them as close as I could to the Pointe de Pierre Laye, with her head to the shore and the main top-sail shivering; and made dispositions for laying one of them alongside. But they hauled so very close round the point, following the direction of the coast to the eastward of it, that in my ignorance of the depth of water so near the shore, I did not think it practicable, consistent with the safety of H.M.S. (drawing 25 feet) to prosecute that plan. I therefore bore up and steered parallel to them at the distance of two cables' length, and opened the broadside on them, which was returned by a very animated and well directed fire of round grape and other description of shot, supported by three batteries for the space of 21 minutes, and was very destructive to our sail and rigging. My object during that time to prevent their hauling outside the dry rock named Le Graul, but in steering sufficiently close to it to leave them no room to pass between me and it, and at the same time to avoid running on it myself (the utmost difficulty and anxiety was produced by the clouds of smoke which drifted ahead of the ship and totally obscured it).

"However, by the care and attention of Mr. Hugh Stewart (the Master) the ship was carried within the distance of her own length on the S.W. side in ¼ less 7 fathoms; and the enemy were in consequence obliged as their only alternative to attempt passing within it, where there was not water enough; and they all grounded under every sail on the rocks between it and the shore. The sails and rigging of the *Northumberland* were so much damaged that I was obliged to leave the enemy to the effects of the falling tide, it being ¼ ebb, while I repaired the rigging and shifted the fore topsail which was rendered entirely useless, working to windward during that time, under what sail I could set to prevent falling to leeward, in which interval, at 5 oc., the *Growler* joined and fired on the enemy occasionally. At 20 minutes after 5 I anchored the *Northumberland* in 5½ fathoms water, Pointe de Pierre Laye, bearing N.W. ½ at the Citadel of Port Saint Louis E. ¾ N., and the rock named Le Graul N. ½ E. two cables length distant, with her broadside bearing on the enemy's two frigates and brig at point blank range, all of them having fallen on their sides next the shore as the tide left them, and exposed their copper 'lons.' The main masts of one frigate and the brig were gone, and from 34 minutes after 5 till 49 past 6, which was near the time of low water, a deliberate and careful fire was kept up on them, at which time, believing that I had fully effected the object of my endeavours, the crews having quitted their vessels, all their bottoms being pierced by very many of our shot so low down as to ensure their filling on the rising tide, and the leading frigate being completely in flames communicated to the hull from a fire which broke out in her foretop, I got under sail.

"THREE batteries fired at the ship during the whole time she was at anchor and although the position was so far well chosen that she was out of the range of two of them, the other (to which the enemy's vessels were nearest) reached her, and did as much execution in the hull as all the fire she had been exposed to before. I directed the Commander of the *Growler* to stand in and fire to prevent the enemy from returning to their vessels after I had ceased. At five minutes before 8 the frigate on fire blew up with an awful explosion, leaving no remains of her visible. At the close of day I anchored for the night out of reach of the batteries on both sides. . . .

"At 10 the other frigate appeared to be on fire also, some smoke having been seen on board her, from the time the firing ceased. And at ½ past 11 the flames burst forth from her ports and every part with unextinguishable fury, which un-looked-for event leaving me nothing more to attempt in the morning, the brig being quite on her beam ends and very much damaged by our shot in every part of her bottom, even very near her keel, I weighed anchor at midnight with a very light air from the northward, with the *Growler* in company, profiting by the brightness of the moon to get to sea, but it was so near calm that I made very little progress, and therefore saw the frigate burning from head to stern all night and exploded at 35 minutes after 2 in the morning of yesterday, leaving a portion of her after-part still burning till it was entirely consumed; and in the course of the day I had the satisfaction to see from the N.W. point of Groa a third fire and explosion in the same spot, which could have been no other than the brig. . ." He then praises his officers and men and ends as follows:

"A LINE of battleships with sails bent and top gallant yards across lay in the harbour of L'Orient, spectator of the operations of the day at the entrance of it; but the wind did not serve till night for her coming to the support of her friends. Every assistance however was afforded them, of boats, men, etc., Directed, as I apprehended, by the Admiral himself."

(Signed) H. Hotham, Captain.

(*Continued on page* 20)

In the Days of the Nelson Touch

(*Continued from preceding page*).

REAR-Admiral Neale, in forwarding this spirited account of what was only one of the very many incidents on that coast, remarks that the French frigates and the brig were of the largest class. Our losses were four seamen and one marine killed, and one officer and 27 men wounded, in spite of the closeness of the fighting. On May 27th, 1812, Admiral Lord Keith writes: "When the gallantry of this action with such a force under numerous galling batteries, and the intricacy of the navigation amidst dangerous rocks in the very entrance of the enemy's harbour are taken into consideration, the performance is so important a service; while it reflects the highest honour upon the courage, skill and extraordinary management of all concerned, it adds fresh lustre to the Naval annals of the country."

THE "MEDUSA" AND "LA DORADE"

ANOTHER instance of intrepid daring is found in what Admiral Lord Keith mentions as "the destruction in the harbour of Arcasson by the boats of H.M.S. *Medusa* under the direction of Lieutenant Joseph Thomson, of the French National Store ship *La Dorade*, commanded by a Lieutenant de Vaisseau.

The commanding officer of the *Medusa*, Captain the Hon. Duncombe Pleydell-Bouverie, gives an account of this exciting little engagement in the following letter

H.M.S. *Medusa*

June 7th, 1812.

"Being near the port of La Teste I looked into it and discovered a large ship in the harbour which I soon after heard was a French Store Ship. Notwithstanding the extreme difficulty of the navigation of that port and the alarm necessarily created by the unusual appearance and continuance of a vessel of this kind near the entrance of it, Mr. Thomson, my first Lieutenant, with several of the other officers most handsomely volunteered to carry her, though there was little hopes of their being able to bring her out clear of the shoals. Accordingly a strong party in the boats left the ship after dark, and after a desperate struggle they happily succeeded in getting possession of *La Dorade*, French National Store Ship, of 400 tons, commanded by Mons. Barbaud, Lieut. de Vaisseau, with a cargo of ship timber frames for the building of 74 gun ships, going from Bayonne to the arsenal at Rochfort. This vessel was armed with eight 6 pounders and six 4 pounders and manned with 86 men, all completely ready, as they expected the attack we made; and the boats were hailed before they were within musket shot, but nothing could resist the impetuous attack of the officers and men employed on this occasion, for though the resistance of the enemy was most obstinate, the chief consequence of it has been a great sacrifice of their lives without the loss on our part of a single man, which is much to be wondered at, as the enemy's great guns as well as small arms, were fired on our boats, *though I am bound to say, however, that we have had five men wounded*. . . . At daylight the ship was got under weigh, and after proceeding about a league down the harbour she grounded; and as the tide was running out with great violence there was no prospect of getting her off, and the safety of the boats required that they should pass the bar at the entrance of the harbour as soon as possible, the ship was, after the removal of the wounded, abandoned and set fire to, and after she had burned for some time I had the satisfaction of seeing her blow up."

THE MUTINY OF SPITHEAD

DURING the period discussed and illustrated in this section, a most extraordinary incident took place. It is known as the Mutiny of Spithead, and took place in the year 1797. A section of the fleet, stationed at Spithead, to guard the channel (we were at war with revolutionary France) seized their ships and refused to put to sea. This is always described as a mutiny, but actually it was not strictly so, for the men openly stated their readiness to return to duty if the French fleet left Brest.

Some months before the fateful day—April 16th, Easter Sunday—the men had sent petitions, worded in correct style to the Board of Admiralty, expressing their grievances and asking for redress. No reply of any kind was vouchsafed.

Their grievances were serious, mainly concerned with their pay, food, lack of leave, and the brutality of some of the officers. The pay was extremely low, having been fixed in the time of Charles II, when prices were much lower. Many deductions were made from the meagre allowance, the sailor having to supply his own clothing and what was even worse, the pay was sometimes years in arrears. The food supplied to the Navy was incredibly bad—salt beef, salt pork, biscuits full of weevils, rancid butter, rotten cheese, and an almost complete lack of vegetables. These unpleasing rations were always short in weight, the purser making private gain by the amount he retained, so that there was a world of meaning when the sailors pleaded that a pound on board ship should weigh sixteen ounces as on shore. The petitions asked for fresh meat and vegetables when in port, a not unreasonable request.

They also asked for "opportunity to taste the sweets of liberty on shore, when in any harbour, and when we have completed the duty of our ship, after our return from sea" suggesting a boundary limit, so that this liberty might not be abused.

STRANGELY enough no request was made for the abolition of the cruel method of flogging for all types of punishment, so vividly portrayed in the recent film, *The Mutiny of The Bounty*. The men merely pleaded that the grievances against particular officers, who indulged in special brutality, should be redressed.

It seems almost unbelievable that men, so treated, should have fought so bravely, as they had recently given evidence—at the victory at the Battle of St. Vincent, under Jarvis, and the famous First of June, under Lord Howe. The Navy was manned by men gathered from the gaols, and forced into the service by the Press Gang, and by some free volunteers, induced by the bounties offered, or by their lack of other employment. It has been suggested that it was from these volunteers, men of superior education, that the careful plan for securing a better living in the Navy, sprang. But if the amazing order and discipline of the so-called mutiny originated in one man, he has never been discovered. The strength of the movement lay in the fact that *all* the men, in *all* the ships were united in one steady purpose.

When the petition to the Admiralty proved unavailing, the men sent off a letter in February, to their favourite, Lord Howe, still nominally the Commander-in-Chief of the Fleet, though a semi-invalid at Bath. They pleaded that they might be granted addition " in their pay, as in their Lordships' wisdom they shall think meet." Eleven such letters poured in upon Lord Howe, much troubled with the gout, and averse to getting into other troubles. He did not reply to them, but took them with him to London some weeks later, and showed them to the First Lord of the Admiralty. Lord Spencer also took no notice of the petitions, as he dared not approach the Treasury.

THE Fleet, under Lord Bridport, returned to Spithead on March 30th. The eager men found no answers awaiting them, so more meetings had to be held and petitions prepared. Meantime, in spite of the precautions taken, rumours of brewing trouble had reached Bridport, who wrote to Lord Spencer, who replied by sending him the letters originally sent to Lord Howe. Bridport immediately recognised the seriousness of these letters, and he at once wrote to Spencer asking that the petitions should be considered, and that in the meantime *no order* should be given for the fleet to put to sea. That letter did not reach the Admiralty in time, for their Lordships had previously decided that the best thing to settle the matter would be to put out to sea.

The order for sailing arrived, to Bridport's consternation, on Easter Sunday morning, and proved the match to the fuel of the men's discomfort. Events had not turned out as planned, but when the order for sailing was given, the men quietly refused, and took command of their ships, though behaving courteously to their officers. Delegates from the various ships visited all the vessels of the Fleet, ordering the men to maintain strict discipline on board, and all watches to be kept, and no drunkenness permitted. Two frigates were ordered to carry out their duty as convoy ships to Newfoundland, though they were anxious to remain with their comrades.

LORD Spencer received Lord Bridport's urgent letter reporting the mutiny, saying the petitions must be answered, at midnight; and was, at last, convinced that something must be done. He saw Pitt, and then drove down himself to Portsmouth, through the night of the 17th, arriving at noon the next day, when a council was held with Bridport and the three officers. A few trifling concessions were decided upon. The Board of Officers, with Lord Spencer at last, received an answer which surprised them. It was a dignified refusal to consider the absurd suggestions of the Board, and a firm reiteration for increased pay, better food and shore leave.

THE Board were determined upon taking out the Fleet. Bridport, however, informed them that their proposal was impossible. Convinced by this, the Board finally agreed to increase of pay and promised forgiveness if the men returned to duty at once. The men seemed satisfied but finally insisted that the pardon must be from the King himself. Officers were treated with courtesy, though confined to their quarters. Some particularly hated ones were sent ashore.

Lord Spencer took action and hastened up to London to obtain the required royal pardon, and really did get things moving rapidly. He obtained the King's signed and sealed pardon, of which 100 copies were printed before midnight. The next day these copies were read and shown to the men, who, still suspicious, required the actual pardon, bearing the King's seal, to be brought to the *Queen Charlotte*. Satisfied at last, the men shouted from ship to ship, and Bridport's flag once again was seen flying. The mutiny seemed happily at an end.

BUT an obstinate wind prevented their going off, and during the days of waiting, rumours spread among the ships that Parliament was not going to pass the Seamen's Bill. The ships were once more held by the men. This resuscitation of the mutiny was more serious than the first, and some blood was shed, through the folly of Admiral Sir John Colpoys, who sent the men of the *London* below, and ordered out the marines. The disturbance was not of long duration, for though the men's blood was up, there were some who refused to sanction any fatal action against the officers. Admiral Colpoys, Captain Griffith, and Lieutenant Bover were confined to their cabins, to await court martial by the men. All those officers who had earned the fear and hatred of these men were put ashore, having received due intimation—"Gentlemen, it is the request of the ship's company that you leave the ship precisely at eight o'clock. . . ." As there was a great gathering of troops at Portsmouth, the delegates decided to move the Fleet to St. Helen's, a movement which showed, by its lack of navigating skill, the absence of the officers.

The Seamen's Bill was rushed through Parliament, without opposition, granting £372,000 for extra pay for the current year, and received the Royal Assent. More galloping down the Portsmouth road, so that copies of the Act could be shown to the men. But the wary men, delighted as they were, releasing those officers awaiting court martial, wanted yet something—another Royal Pardon, to cover the second mutiny.

Then it was that old Lord Howe appeared in person to find out what truth there was in their grievances, and with full authority to settle, according to his judgment. After four laborious days became convinced of the brutality of the officers, and in the end dismissed 59 of them, including Admiral Colpoys. The remaining officers returned to their ships and were received with all due respect, and in many cases with affection.

On May 15th, the second Royal Pardon was received, and a Gala Day followed. Lord Howe, accompanied by his wife and other ladies, at the special request of the delegates and men, rowed to the Fleet, where the Pardon was read and shown. All the red flags were pulled down and the mutiny was finally over, the Fleet putting out to sea in complete harmony, two days later.

All the terms of settlement were faithfully observed, and were the beginning of happier conditions for the Navy. Perhaps the most astonishing moment in the whole anxious time was when the Prince of Wurtemburg, on a visit to England for his marriage to the Princess Royal, was conveyed round the Fleet, then in a state of mutiny. The men turned out and saluted His Royal Highness as he passed among the ships.

A SAILOR ASHORE WITH TWO LASSES IN TOW.

From an attractive print published in 1791.

"The Glorious First of June," *showing a boat's crew with sailor wearing hat with soft brim and blue band in stern of boat.*

Detail from de Loutherbourg's painting in the National Maritime Museum, Greenwich.

NELSON'S SAILORS

What was their dress? A critical study of Naval Battle Pictures

By Cecil King

SURPRISING as it may appear it is a fact that no uniform was supplied to the British bluejacket until 1857. It has been modified since then, but its main features are little altered. These include the blue collar, with its three white tapes, which, by the way, have nothing whatever to do with Nelson's victories.

The myth concerning uniform at Trafalgar has probably arisen through artists taking some rather attractive figure from an old naval picture or print and reproducing it *en serie*. The prints often show Jack ashore and the bluejacket was always noted in the past for his love of "tiddley clothes" when going on leave. The reproductions which we give here from pictures, mostly contemporary from the National Maritime Museum at Greenwich, show the modest type of clothing which he wore aboard ship in the Nelsonian period.

Slop clothing was first obtainable early in the 17th century, being established for reasons of cleanliness, and contractors who supplied such clothing probably supplied a number of articles of the same type; thus a ship's company, or even a whole fleet, might appear to be uniformly clad. One can only say, then, that there were certain tendencies, according to period—for instance, a tendency to the wearing of red at the Restoration and a tendency to wearing the hair in a queue about 1780; such matters were affected to some extent by fashion ashore. There was a fancy, also.

"Blowing up of the Orient," showing a boat's crew wearing high-crowned straw hats.

A detail from George Arnald's picture at National Maritime Museum, Greenwich.

"Nelson's Patent Bridge at St. Vincent," *a detail from Sir William Allan's picture. Lower-crowned straw hats, some light and others dark. Trousers are of different shades.*

by dressing up a boat's crew in a kind of livery; but this sort of thing did not become the vogue till about [illegible]. "Jack Nastyface," who has not yet been identified, was one of the men who served in the *Revenge* at Trafalgar, and he recounts how, when first pressed into the Service, he and his companions were "supplied with slops, the price of which is stopped from our pay by the purser."

Anyone who looks at Orme's well-known colour-print of Lord Nelson's funeral car, might reasonably conclude that the *Victory's* bluejackets, as there represented, are in uniform. They are all wearing blue trousers, a short, plain blue jacket and black shoes; the pigtail is worn and black hats fairly high in the crown and with curly brims—something between a John Bull hat and a square bowler. The loose handkerchief, sometimes black, was possibly useful for keeping the pigtail off the clothing at the back, and the erroneous idea that the modern silk scarf is black as "mourning" for Lord Nelson may have originated in Orme's description of these men, who are expressly stated to have worn black "neckhandkerchiefs" at the funeral.

Richard Westall's picture of "Nelson boarding a Prize" (on later page), though it depicts an incident occurring in 1777, was painted the year after Trafalgar. No pigtails are visible and the hats are of the flat "boater" type, of straw or tarpaulin. Coats are short and shoes have buckles. Trousers vary from plain white to yellowish-white and shirts also are of varied design, red or blue neckhandkerchiefs being popular. Turner's famous picture, "Trafalgar" (on opposite page) was painted about three years after the action and, although it has come in for some criticism on historical grounds, it is perhaps pretty accurate as regards the men's clothing. Here, again, there is some variety: one of the men appears to be in striped trousers, though the stripes are not pronounced. Blue jackets and waistcoats appear to be usual, and straw hats of a rather shapeless type. The *Victory* figurehead is shown in detail in the background and, on the right, a portion of the *Redoubtable*. In these days, before going into action, it is usual to put on clean underclothing; in order to avoid the risk of a wound becoming poisoned through contact with clothing, the men of those days often used to strip to the waist. A handkerchief was sometimes tied also around the head, in order to deaden the noise of gunfire.

The other pictures which we have selected relate to the ten years which preceded Trafalgar; the same sobriety is noticeable in the men's costumes. In de Loutherbourg's magnificent composition, the "Glorious First of June" (page 21) the jackets are of dark blue—the usual colour (hence the term "bluejacket"). The sailors in the *Queen Charlotte* are seen to have trousers of blue or plain white and the cocked hats and red coats of the "Queen's"—who were serving aboard her—are visible along her decks. We can clearly see the wooldings up her foremast and her figurehead closely agrees with that in the contemporary model, the canopy over Queen Charlotte's head being hidden by the spritsail. At this date the black paint on the lower wale had been carried up over the lower gundeck; this also is very clearly shown. A rather shapeless straw hat with blue band is visible on a man in the foreground

"Turner's Battle of Trafalgar," *showing sailor in centre wearing a straw hat, the others a variety of caps. The trousers and shirts are striped.*

In this detail from the painting in the National Maritime Museum, Greenwich, the men are watching the sinking of an enemy ship.

boat, where the men are mostly in blue jackets or waistcoats. The picture was painted in 1795, the year after the action.

George Arnald's "Destruction of the *Orient*" (on opposite page) is not dated, but Arnald was born in 1763, so it is perhaps contemporary. The hats of the men in the boat are rather shapeless, being apparently of straw or tarpaulin. Blue hatbands are usual. Examples of the *bonnet rouge* on French survivors are visible, one with the correct cockade-red to the outside.

Samuel Drummond's picture of "de Winter's Surrender at Camperdown," painted in 1826-27, thirty years after the action, shows great variety of costume, especially in the matter of head-gear (see page 36). We can see a fur cap, a Scots bonnet and a leather peaked hat, apparently with a steel band bearing the name *Venerable*. One of the gunners has a canvas apron, and the red-coat, probably a private of the Marines, has a white cap. Uniform for masters had been introduced in 1787, and the man with the speaking-trumpet is thought to be the *Venerable*'s master.

It will be observed that some emphasis has been placed upon dates. It is important, in looking at an historical picture, to notice the date when it was painted. Nautical research a hundred years ago was not so far advanced nor held in the same degree of esteem as it is to-day; we have reserved to the last what is perhaps the most interesting example of Nelsonian "uniform." This is Sir William Allan's fine painting of "Nelson's Patent Bridge" (on opposite page). The well-known incident took place in 1797 at St. Vincent, where Nelson took the *San Nicolas* and used her as a means of boarding the first-rate *San Josef*. The picture was painted (*Continued on page 36*)

FISHING SMACKS MAKING
FOR HARBOUR

From the water-colour drawing by William Roxby Beverley, dated 1865. Reproduced by courtesy of Walkers' Galleries, New Bond Street.

A DREAM TROUSSEAU

—From A Voyage into Maryland—or The Ladies' Dressing Room Unlocked

WHOEVER has a mind to abundance of trouble.
Let him furnish himself with a Ship and a Woman,
For no two things will find you more employment,
If once you begin to rig them out with all their streamers.
Nor are they ever sufficiently adornered, Or satisfied that you have done enough to set them fourth.

• • •

(*Extract*)

. . . . One black gown of Rich Silk, which odd is
Without one colour'd embroidered bodice,
Three manteaus, nor can madam less
Provision here for due undress

Nor demy Sultane, Spagnolet,
Nor fringe to sweep the Mall forget:
Of under Bodice—three neat pair
Embroidered, and of shoes as fair:
Short under petticoats pure fine
Some of Japan stuff, some of Chine.

With knee hight Galoon bottomed,
Another quilted White and Red;
With a broad Flanders lace below:
Four pair of Bas de Joy shot through
With silver, Diamond Buckles too,
For Garters, and as rich for show.

Twice twelve day smocks of Holland fine,
With cambric sleeves, rich Points joyn
(For she despises Collertine.)
Twelve more for night, all Flanders lac'd,
Or else she'll think herself disgraced,
The same her night-gown must adorn,
With two Point Waistcoats for the morn:
Of Pocket Mouchoirs hope to chain;
A dozen lac'd, a dozen plain.
Three night-gowns of rich Indian stuff
Four Cushion-Cloths are scarce enough
of Point, and Flanders, nor forget
Slippers embroidered on Velvet . . . .

Illustrated by Iris Brooke

MADEMOISELLE ENGELHART

from the painting by Alexander Roslin

The picture is signed and dated Le Chev. Roslin, 1777, and came from the Hitroff Collections, St. Petersburg. It is here reproduced by courtesy of Messrs. Wildenstein who exhibited it at their exhibition of Women of France in the Eighteenth Century at their New Bond Street Gallery in the spring of this year. Roslin was born in Sweden but practised his art chiefly in France and Russia.

LADY SHAND, from the painting by Robert Herdman, R.S.A.

Here reproduced by courtesy of the Scottish National Gallery, Edinburgh. Robert Herdman became a full member of the Scottish Academy in 1863. Among many other notabilities of his day, he painted this portrait of Emily, Lady Shand, who was the wife of the 1st Baron Alexander Burns Shand, P.C., and Judge of the Court of Session, 1872-1890. This portrait was painted in 1867 and was exhibited at the R.A. in that year and at the R.S.A. in 1868.

AWAKE

From the painting by T. M. Joy recently on exhibition at the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square

MOTHER & CHILD

From the painting by De la Tour in the Rennes Museum

SHAKESPEARE'S WINTER AN

Drawing by Georgina Dawson

"While greasy Joan doth keel pot"

WHEN icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick, the shepherd, blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail;
When blood is nipp'd and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-who;
Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-who; &c.

For the Rain it raineth every day.

WHEN that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knave and thief men shut their gate,
For the rain it raineth every day.

The above, and the scene in Windsor Forest, are from drawings by Sir John Gilbert

Of all that links Shakespeare with the England of to-day is there anything which does so more surely than the word-pictures of that delightful song from "Love's Labour's Lost"—his first play? With what master-touches he etches in the English counter-landscape! He suggests a whole atmosphere. He gives us the Christmas scene conjured out of memory by dwellers in even the modernest service-flats, complete with electric stove and central heating. He brings to the mind's eye a view that may be stretching now, or soon, in actual fact round any week-end bungalow.

Still, over forsaken ploughlands, one can see "birds sit brooding in the snow." At how many church-services—alike in town and country—does "coughing drown the parson's saw" on present-day Christmas mornings! Who does not prefer a wood-fire for Christmas—where it can be got? "Marian's nose"—in spite of the daintiest powder-puff—still tends, come Christmas, to look "red and raw." "Roasted crabs" may not always "hiss in the bowl." Better apples are easier got, nowadays, from lands that Shakespeare only dimly imagined. But there are plenty of "greasy Joans" to "keel the pot." A persistent owl can still give one a sleepless night—though not necessarily with a "merry note"—within the twenty-mile radius of London itself.

If ever man knew the magic of winter it was Shakespeare. "The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold. It is a nipping and an eager air." In two simple lines the stage is set for the supreme ghost-scene. It is to winter that Shakespeare dedicates one of his loveliest romances in "A Winter's Tale." The first flowers Perdita offers to her guests are "rosemary and rue," which "keep seeming and savour all the winter long." Shakespeare knew the invigoration of a "Lusty winter, frosty, but kindly." To him the "chiding of the winter wind" through the boughs of Arden was but "the penalty of Adam." Its "sting" was "not so sharp as friend remembered not."

Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

An even deeper sense of the human message of "furious winter's rages" inspires that scene among the Welsh mountains in "Cymbeline," and the haunting dirge for "golden lads and girls."

At the same time, how much the joys of the winter fireside meant to Shakespeare! He never forgot his up-bringing among the Warwickshire homesteads, where the folk of Tudor days, with no evening papers or football-pools, or cinemas or wireless sets, had to make their own fun.

We sometimes forget that "The Merry Wives of Windsor" was at the heart of it just a piece of winter-time jollity. One needs to think of it as a kind of Christmas party of the stage, with Falstaff as Uncle John in the hearth-rug. Mistress Page gives the key to all in that lovely finish:

Good husband, let us every one go home
And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire.

As for "Twelfth Night," the topsy-turvy, holiday spirit of the winter feast from which it took its name pervades every scene in its medley of "sad and merry madness." Looked at in a dull, work-a-day light, Sir Toby might cut a merely deplorable figure. As it is, one only wishes the disorderly knight

BOTTOM SINGS TO TITANIA: from the painting by Sir Edwin Landseer

FALSTAFF FEARS THE WINDSOR FAIRIES: "They are fairies; I'll wink and couch; no man their works must eye."

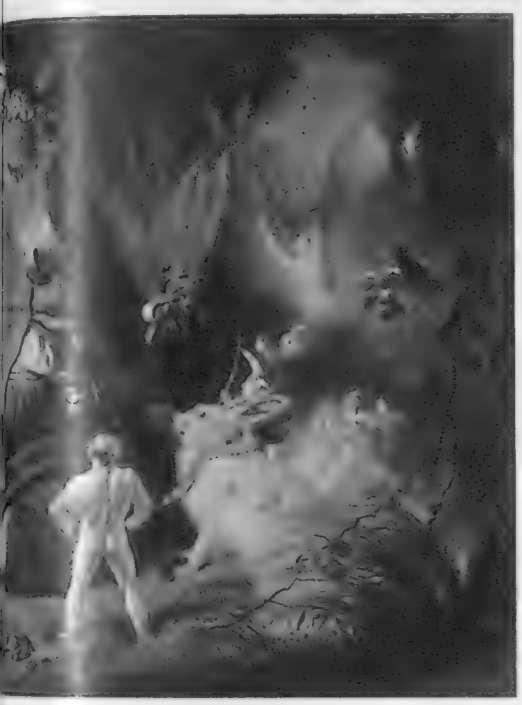
THE FAIRIES

by S. R. Littlewood

could have remembered the rest of that song about "the twelfth day of December." No vista of moonlit snow or sparkling rime is needed to supply the winter wizardry of "Twelfth Night" We have been transported to the gardens and palaces of an imagined Illyria; but at curtain-fall we wake from our dream to be reminded that outside is a kind of English weather which happened in Tudor England as often as it does with us:

When that I was but a tiny little boy,
With heigh, ho, the wind and the rain,
A simple thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

All through the plays—and that personal life of his of which they tell so much—Shakespeare looked upon Christmas and upon winter in general from the standpoint of the English countryside he knew so well. But the charm he lent it was partly due to a certain detachment. One cannot blind oneself to the fact that he escaped a good many drawbacks of "the season's difference." We who have been to Stratford-upon-Avon, and seen the birth-place, and Mary Arden's manor at Wilmcote, and what is left of New Place, can recognise that Shakespeare himself was not —for long, at any rate—an unsheltered wanderer. In his day glazed windows and chimneys had revolutionised even the provincial burgess's home. They had made winter a much more bearable time than it had hitherto been from the point of view of light and warmth and healthful air within doors. Let Amiens sing to the "green holly," and the exiled duke "smile" at winter's "icy fang" in the forest glade!



The finch, the sparrow and the lark,
The plain-song cuckoo gray,
Whose note full many a man doth mark
And dares not answer nay

On the other hand—though he wrote for the Court and the great folk who gathered round the laden board in Middle Temple Hall Shakespeare was no great believer in the pleasures of the table. "Heavy-headed revel" was for him "more honoured in the breach than the observance." He did not gloat, as Ben Jonson did, over exotic extravagances in food and drink.

But what of the spiritual side? How far did Shakespeare look through the veil of material things? What exactly did all the legendry, both Christian and pagan, that gathers round the winter solstice, mean to him? In familiar phrase, where did Shakespeare's fairies go in the winter? Strange that—according to the story he cautiously entrusts to Marcellus—it was at Christmas, when every nursery is made nowadays as like fairyland as can be and the Fairy Queen herself presides with wand and spangles at every Christmas pantomime—it was then that the fairies were, once upon a time, to be kept at bay!

Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated . . .
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm;
So hallowed and so gracious is the time.

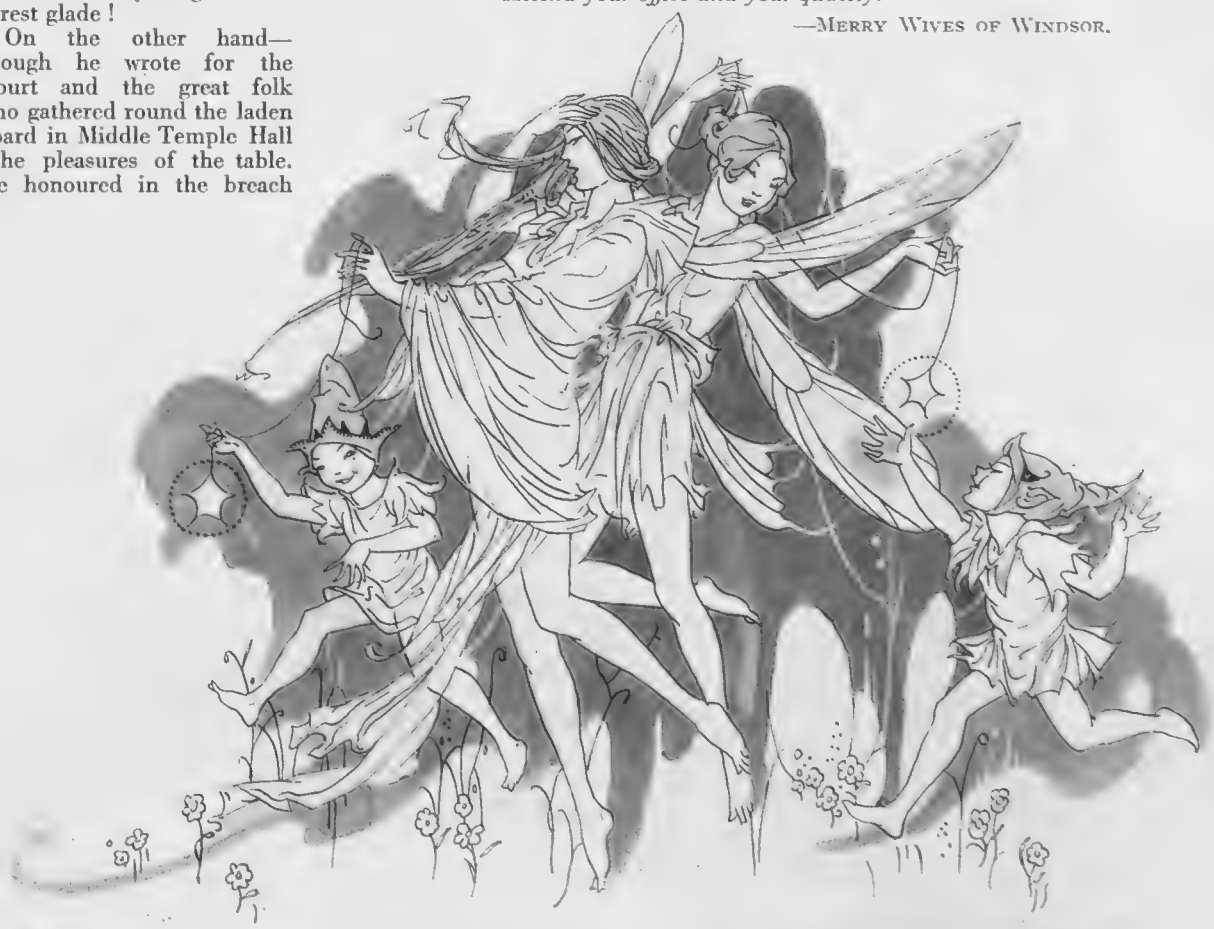
The answer is, of course, clear enough. As Chaucer tells us, the fairies had been held in check by the prayers of the friars, where they had not vanished altogether. The old church-ban still held good in Hamlet's time, though the Reformation did something to bring the fairies back to England. But it was Shakespeare himself who wrought the miracle of reconciling the fairy-host with our modern world. It was he who turned the gloomy Alberich of Teuton myth and the grotesque Oberon of Huon's romance into the mirror of fairy-chivalry whose very name is music in our ears. It was he who brought Titania, the classic moon-goddess, into the English woodland. It was he who crowned them king and queen of a community of "little people" whom none would fear and all could love. It was he who made them like ourselves in everything except grossness. It was he who seized upon Puck—the terror-striking "bogy" of Slav and Aryan folk-lore and mischief-making "lubber-fiend" of our own peasantry—and appointed him as Oberon's helpful little jester. It was Shakespeare who, in the fulness of time, was to fashion out of "airy nothing" the purest and most perfect fairy ever brought into being—Ariel's self.

Drawing by Georgina Dawson

"Then nightly sings the staring owl"

Fairies, black, gray, green, and white,
You moonshine revellers and shades of night,
You orphan-heirs of fixed destiny,
Attend your office and your quality.

—MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.



Drawing by Dorothy Wheeler

We fairies, that do run
By the triple Hecate's team,
From the presence of the sun
Following darkness like a dream

Puck's description of the Fairies at the end of "A Midsummer Night's Dream"

ALERT AND READY

A sextet of character recorded by Joan Lyne.

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A St. Bernard study in the High Alps.

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A Present for St. Elizabeth

Written and illustrated by Veronica Haigh

Somewhere about the year twelve hundred and twenty-two King Andreas of Hungary ordered four noblemen of his court who were going on pilgrimage to Aix La Chapelle, to return by way of Eisenach and there visit his daughter Elizabeth who had lately been married to Ludwig IV Landgrave of Thuringia. He desired that they should bring him a full account of his daughter, her method of life and the conditions of her husband's court, as he had not seen her since she was four years old when she was sent away to her betrothed husband's home with a retinue of attendants, a great store of dresses and a silver cradle.

Ludwig and Elizabeth had met with many difficulties before they were married—Elizabeth's hoydenish ways, her high spirits and her saintly indiscretions (she would be so inconveniently charitable and humble for a princess) had not found favour with Ludwig's mother the Landgravine Sophia, nor with his sisters, but Ludwig worshipped Elizabeth for her beauty and her sweetness, and he married her against all opposition as soon as he came of age.

"Elizabeth and Ludwig," monk Robert used to say, "loved one another beyond what can be believed." Ludwig felt it a great honour to be the husband of a saint and Elizabeth curbed her charitable impetuosities to gratify his pride in her beauty and grace for although she always wore hair cloth and dressed herself in widow's weeds if her husband was away at the wars, yet when they appeared together at the great festivals, she delighted to accompany him in all the pomp and splendour the occasion required.

But Ludwig scarcely minded, she was so beautiful with her waving black hair that nothing could make her unpleasing in his eyes.

However, after she had worn the jewelled dresses he gave her once or twice, they had a way of transforming themselves into gifts for the poor—and there was Elizabeth unsuitably dressed again in brown homespun and a pair of faded red shoes. But Ludwig scarcely minded—she was so beautiful with her waving black hair, her dark eyes and her long oval face with its enchanting cleft chin that nothing could make her unpleasing in his eyes.

All the same it could be very inconvenient, and when a courier announced that the four ambassadors from her father's court were arriving at Wartburg Castle, Ludwig hastened to Elizabeth to find out what she was going to wear to receive them. Together they ransacked her wardrobe chamber, but in vain—it so happened that the ambassadors had arrived at a moment when every one of Elizabeth's dresses had been changed into alms. Elizabeth was dismayed, she could not bear to expose her husband to the taunts of her father's courtiers or to imagine the report they would take back to him if she appeared in her coarse homespun; and Ludwig was in despair lest they should think he neglected her by allowing her only such miserable clothes, and he bitterly complained that there wasn't even time for them to get anything made. But at last Elizabeth persuaded him to go down and greet their guests without her, saying that if all else failed she would exert herself to treat them "with so much affability and gaiety that she would be as pleasing to them as if she were

(*Continued on a later page*)

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C.F.H

Light-coloured Naval trousers and other kit depicted in "Nelson boarding a Prize" in the National Maritime Museum, Greenwich (detail)

NELSON'S SAILORS

How were they dressed?

(*Continued from page 23*)

and blue, and red waistcoats continued in use until some time after the Revolution. This prevalence of red is very apparent in that portion of de Loutherbourg's picture which represents the French flagship *Montagne*. In this picture two British officers—perhaps a lieutenant and a midshipman—are seen in the boat in the foreground; in the picture which represents the blowing up of the *Orient*, officers are also represented; one of them is shown as wearing epaulettes. The origin of this practice is interesting: at the Peace of 1783 a certain number of officers, naval and marine, are said to have landed at a French port. The sentries "carried" arms to the officers of the Marines, who wore silver epaulettes, and not to the naval officers who did not wear them at that time. Thereupon some naval officers adopted epaulettes unofficially. In 1795 their use by senior officers was officially recognised.

To sum up, one may say that the sailors of Nelson's day very often appeared in

(i) a blue jacket
(ii) white (or yellowish) or blue trousers
(iii) Black buckled shoes
(iv) and a straw hat of an indeterminate shape, or a black tarpaulin developing into a black boater.

One can permit the striped jersey as being occasionally in use, but the striped trousers and taped jacket must be ruled out as a typical part of the dress of Nelson's sailors.

A curly-brimmed hat, a striped shirt and other details of Nelsonic Naval kit in Samuel Drummonds' picture of the battle of Camperdown at Greenwich (detail)

[illegible] fifty years after the action, being [illegible]5.

[illegible] are in existence one or more naval [illegible] show a blue-jacket ashore in a short coat, down the seams of which he has sewn [illegible] tape, or possibly strips of canvas, perhaps to preserve it from wear—perhaps to make his clothing as "tiddley" as possible. This rather unusual-looking kit seems to have caught the eye of Sir William Allan and, at a later date, of men like W. H. Overend, who may have been influenced by him. At all events, Allan has put several of Nelson's men into it and into striped jerseys, thus giving this arrangement the air of a uniform. Drummond also includes one of these merry Andrews—but only one—in his "Camperdown." It was quite usual at one time, when men were dressed up for some pageant as Nelson's sailors, to dress some of them in this kit, an event which usually aroused the scorn of Commander Robinson, who was one of the greatest authorities on the subject. A battalion of the Welsh Regiment, the 69th, was present at Rodney's victory of 1782; men from the same battalion served in the *Captain* at St. Vincent, and one of the soldiers is said to have been the first man to board the *San Nicolas*. The men in red coats shown here are perhaps intended for Marines—*Royal* Marines, after 1802—though cocked hats were still worn by the Marines until 1799, when the conical top-hats here shown were introduced.

Officers are depicted in one or two of these paintings. Uniform for officers was first introduced in 1748 and the Dress Regulations are clear, though somewhat laconic at first. The principal difference between British and French naval uniforms was that in the former case white waistcoats, breeches and facings were usual, whereas in the latter case they were of red. This may have been due to the Bourbon livery colours being of red, white

A CHRISTMAS VISITOR

An extensive round of visits has been planned for this distinguished personage during the coming Christmas festivities. Hosts and Hostesses welcome him as an authority on good living, and in particular as a fine judge of cigarettes. His motto is, 'De Reszke—of course!' Is he on your Christmas list?

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INTERIOR AT BEVERLEY

From the painting by MARY D. ELWELL. Exhibited at the Royal Academy 1938

THANKSGIVING for his HOUSE

by Robert Herrick

LORD, Thou hast given me a cell
Wherein to dwell.
A little house, whose humble roof
Is weather-proof:
Under the spars of which I lie
Both soft and dry:
Where Thou, my chamber for to ward,
Hast set a guard
Of harmless thoughts, to watch and keep
Me while I sleep.

Low is my porch, as is my fate,
Both void of state:
And yet the threshold of my door
Is worn by the poor
Who hither come, and freely get
Good words or meat.

Like as my parlour, so my hall
And kitchen small:
A little buttery, and therein
A little bin
Which keeps my loaf of bread
Unchipt, unflead.

Some brittle sticks of thorn or briar
Make me a fire,
Close by whose living coal I sit
And glow like it.

Lord, I confess, too, when I dine
The pulse is Thine.
And all those other bits that be
There placed by Thee.

The worts, the purslain, and the mess
Of water-cress,
Which of Thy kindness Thou has sent:
And my content
Makes those, and my beloved beet,
To be more sweet.

'Tis Thou that crown'st my glittering hearth
With guiltless mirth;
And giv'st me wassail bowls to drink,
Spiced to the brink.

Lord, 'tis Thy mercy-dropping hand
That sows my land;
All this, and better, dost Thou send
Me for this end:
That I should render for my part
A thankful heart.
Which, fired with incense, I resign
As wholly Thine
But the acceptance—that must be
O Lord, by Thee.

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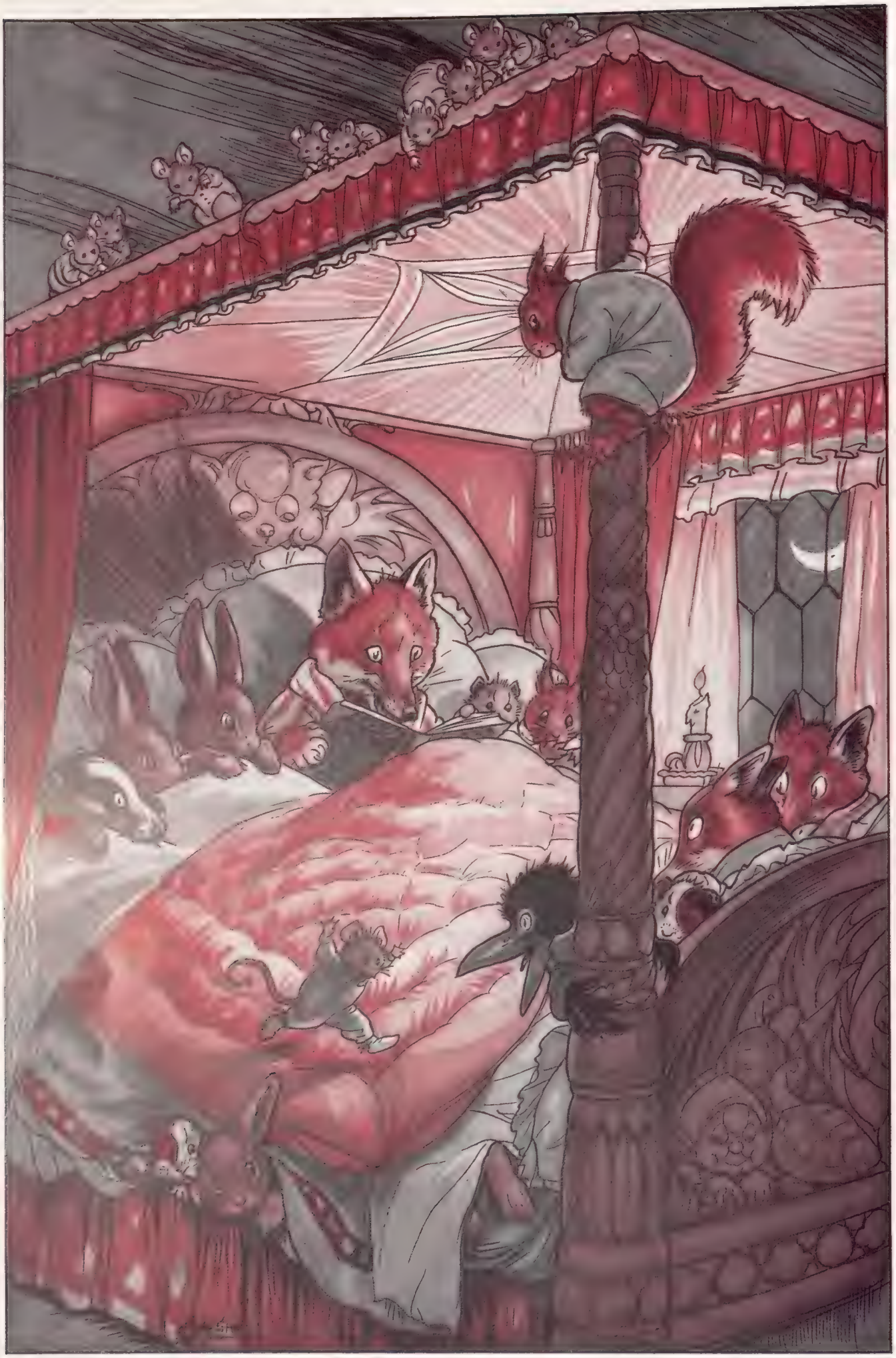

THE STORY GOT MORE AND MORE STRANGE

Drawn by S. J. Cash

THE WILY FOX: A STORY FOR THE YOUNG FOLK SPECIALLY SET IN LARGE TYPE

Once upon a time there was a very wily fox who was always thinking of things to do which were mostly wicked, and if they were not wicked, they were naughty and none of them was nice.

And one day, not so long ago, he had a thought.

And in the afternoon of the same day, he began asking the woodland folk to come to his house after the work of the day was over.

"I would like you to meet my two boys," he said.

"Two boys? What two boys?" murmured some of the folk, for they didn't like Mr. Fox and usually kept well out of his way.

"My twins—a fine pair I venture to think—take after their father. We might have a little supper and a reading afterwards. Some of you must have seen my boys—they're often about."

Well, some had seen them and some had not.

"Well, let that be," said Mr. Fox. "Come round for supper and afterwards I will read to you a chapter or so from one of the most exciting books of adventure it has ever been my lot to come across."

Now, a great number of the woodland folk didn't really care for Mr. Fox, but the thought of some food to be had for nothing was too attractive, so a large number said they would come.

"Where is your house?" piped a high-pitched voice from among some bracken.

"Oh," said Mr. Fox, "you can't miss it. It's just along the glade."

• • •

At last the sun set and various members of the woodland folk began to assemble in the glade and began to look about for Mr. Fox's house.

"I didn't know he lived in the glade," said one, when the side door of a little cottage opened and out popped Mr. Fox and his two sons who certainly were very like their father.

"Here you are," said Mr. Fox. "Come right in." One after another the folk began to arrive until there was quite a fair sized party.

The supper was very good and what with games and more food the time went very quickly.

All of a sudden some of the party realized it was getting very late, but Mr. Fox would not hear of anyone leaving before he had read aloud from the adventure book.

"As it's getting rather chilly we had better go upstairs," said Mr. Fox, who led the way to the bedroom where there was a very big four-poster bedstead. In he

(*Turn to a later page*)

FORECAST FOR CHRISTMAS

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THE WEDDING FEAST AT ECBATANA

DRAWINGS BY GEORGE MORROW

The festivities connected with Tobias' wedding lasted for fourteen days, during which Azarias paid a visit to Gabael

THE STORY OF TOBIAS

(*Continued from page* 5)

man which shall go with thy son?" Tobit again asks his name and his kindred. Raphael replied: "I am Azarias, the son of Ananias the Great." Tobit is satisfied. "My brother, thou art of great stock," and proceeds to discuss wages.

"But tell me, what wages shall I give thee? A drachma a day, and those things that be necessary for thee, as unto my son? And moreover, if ye return safe and sound, I will add something to thy wages."

Tobias and the angel set forth, and "the young man's dog with them." On their way they came to the River Tigris, where they rested. Tobias went down to the water to wash himself and was attacked by a great fish. Raphael told him to take hold of it, whereat Tobias masters the fish, which they roast and eat, cutting out the heart, the liver and the gall. Tobias asks the angel what is to keep the heart, the liver and the gall, and is told that the burning of the heart and liver will create a smoke which will drive away any evil spirit, while the gall is good to anoint a man who has white films in his eyes.

As they drew nigh into Rages the angel tells Tobias that they are going to lodge that day with Raguel, for he is his kinsman, and has an only daughter, named Sarah, whom he should marry—"For to thee doth the inheritance of her appertain; and thou art of her kindred: and the maid is fair and wise."

TOBIAS MEETS RAGUEL

Raguel remarks upon the likeness of Tobias to his cousin

TOBIAS became alarmed. "Brother Azarias, I have heard that this maid hath been given to seven men, and that they all perished in the bride-chamber. And now I am the only son of my father, and I am afraid, lest I go in and die, even as those before me: for a devil loveth her, which hurteth no man, but those which come unto her."

The angel reminds him that his father had commanded him to marry one of his own kin. "Make thou no reckoning of the devil; for this night shall she be given thee to wife. And when thou shalt come into the bride-chamber, thou shalt take the ashes of incense, and shalt lay upon them some of the heart and liver of the fish and shalt make a smoke therewith; and the devil shall smell it and flee away, and never come again any more. Fear not, for she was prepared for thee from the beginning; and thou shalt save her, and she shall go with thee, and I suppose that thou shalt have children of her. And when Tobias heard these things, he loved her and his soul clave unto her exceedingly."

THEY arrive at Ecbatana and go to the house of Raguel, who is struck with the likeness of Tobias to his cousin, Tobit. When he hears that Tobit was his father, he kisses and blesses him, and a feast was prepared. Tobias promptly asks for Sarah and Raguel agrees—"Howbeit I will shew thee the truth. I have given my child to seven men, and whensoever they came in unto her, they died in the night. But for the present be merry."

Tobias said: "I will taste nothing here, until ye make covenant and enter into covenant with me." Raguel thereupon called for Sarah and took her by the hand and gave her to be wife to Tobias and said: "Behold, take her to thyself after the law of Moses, and lead her away to thy father."

The bride-chamber was prepared and Sarah and her mother wept, but the mother said: "Be of good cheer, my child, the Lord of Heaven and Earth give thee favour for this thy sorrow." (*Continued on page* 44)

TOBIAS' DOUBTING MOTHER PERCEIVES HER SON APPROACHING THEIR HOUSE

"Behold, thy son cometh, and the man that went with him"—and the pet dog was there too

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THE STORY OF TOBIAS (Continued from page 42)

The ANGEL and the DOG

Illustrations by George Morrow

"And when they had finished their supper, they brought Tobias in unto her. But as he went, he remembered the words of Raphael and took the ashes of the incense, and put the heart and the liver of the fish thereupon, and made a smoke therewith. And when the devil smelled the smell, he fled into the uppermost parts of Egypt, and the angel bound him."

TOBIAS prayed "O Lord, command that I may find grace and grow old with her." And both slept that night. But Raguel arose in the night and dug a grave, "Lest he should also die." He tells his wife to send a maid-servant to find out whether Tobias was alive—"if not, that we may bury him, and no man know it." The maidservant finds them both sleeping, whereat Raguel blesses God and commands his servants to fill in the grave.

The wedding feast lasted for fourteen days, during which time Azarias went to Rages of Media, to get the money from Gabael, to whom Tobit had entrusted it. Meanwhile Tobit was waiting for his son, the days of whose journey were expired. Anna, his wife, bewailed Tobias, saying: "I care for nothing, my child, since I have let thee go." And would not heed Tobit's assurance of his safety. She ate no bread in the daytime and all the night bewailed her son.

WHEN Azarias returned with the money, Tobias determined to set off for home, and rejected Raguel's suggestion of sending a message to his father. They set forth enriched with servants, cattle and money to the half of Raguel's goods. As they drew near to Nineveh, Azarias said to Tobias: "Knowest thou not, brother, how thou didst leave thy father? Let us run forward before thy wife, and prepare the house. But take in thy hand the gall of the fish. And they went their way, and the dog went after them."

Anna saw them coming and cried: "Behold thy son cometh and the man that went with him"—she ran to him and fell upon his neck.

"Tobit went forth toward the door, and stumbled: but his son ran unto him, and took hold of his father: and he strake the gall on his father's eyes, saying 'Be of good cheer, my father.' But when his eyes began to smart, he rubbed them: and the white films scaled away from the corners of his eyes; and he saw his son, and fell upon his neck. And he wept, and said, "Blessed art thou, O God, and blessed is Thy name for ever, and blessed are all Thy holy angels, for Thou didst scourge, and didst have mercy on me; behold I see my son Tobias."

TOBIAS told his father of the great things that had happened to him, and Tobit went to meet his daughter-in-law at the gate of Nineveh, the people marvelling that he had received his sight. There was celebrated another wedding feast, lasting seven days.

"And Tobit called his son Tobias, and said unto him, see, my child, that the man which went with thee have his wages, and thou must give him more. And he said unto him, Father, it is no harm to me to give him the half of those things which I have brought: for he hath led me for thee in safety, and he cured my wife, and brought my money, and likewise cured thee. And the old man said, it is due unto him. And he called the angel, and said unto him, take the half of all that ye have brought."

THEN Azarias took them aside privily and said to them: "Bless God, and give him thanks in the sight of all that live for the things he hath done with you. . . . Surely I will keep close nothing from you . . . when thou didst pray, and Sarah, thy daughter-in-law. I did bring the memorial of your prayer before the Holy One: and when thou didst bury the dead, I was with thee likewise . . . I am Raphael, one of the seven holy angels, which present the prayers of the saints, and go in before the glory of the Holy One."

Tobit and Tobias were both troubled and fell upon their faces, for they were afraid.

RAPHAEL said unto them: "Be not afraid, ye shall have peace; but bless God for ever. For not of any favour of mine, but by the will of your God I came; wherefore bless him for ever. All these days did I appear unto you; but I did neither eat nor drink, but ye saw a vision. And now give God thanks: because I ascend to him that sent me: and write in a book all the things which have been done."

And they rose up and saw him no more.

I AM RAPHAEL, ONE OF THE SEVEN HOLY ANGELS WHICH PRESENT THE PRAYERS OF THE SAINTS AND GO IN BEFORE THE GLORY OF THE HOLY ONE

A PRESENT FOR ST. ELIZABETH

(Continued from page 34)

dressed in the most beautiful of garments."

Ludwig reluctantly descended to prepare an elaborate reception—and Elizabeth retired to pray. "Oh, Lord Jesus Christ, most clement and faithful Father, sweet comforter of the poor and all those who are in trouble, faithful friend and helper of all those who confide in Thee, come to the assistance of Thy poor servant who has stripped Herself of all her garments for the love of Thee." Thus prayed Elizabeth.

Meanwhile Ludwig greeted his guests in the great hall of the castle and countered their numerous inquiries for his wife as best he could—yes, the Lady Elizabeth was well, yes she would be with them presently—and how was his noble father-in-law King Andreas?

Every now and then he glanced back at the door by which he knew she would appear, but still there was no Elizabeth and he wondered if he should have to begin the feast of welcome without her—and then he heard a sudden gasp of surprise from the men beside him, he turned round as the heralds sounded a shrill fanfare and there stood Elizabeth, clothed in a dress of exquisite blue velvet and a cloak embroidered all over with precious pearls and wearing a shining crown upon her loose black hair. A murmur of admiration rose to greet her; "she is more richly dressed than the Queen of France," exclaimed the Hungarian courtiers as Ludwig led her forward; and she proceeded to charm them as much by the cordiality and sweetness of her welcome as by the splendour of her dress and her wonderful beauty, which shone, so the old chronicle records, with a peculiar brilliance and freshness:—

"Elle fut tant bele et colorée
Comme rose est la matinée."

If the astonishment of the assembled court was great, it was nothing to Ludwig's amaze. He knew that she had no such glorious garments in her possession when he left her—"Where did you get them?" he asked as soon as they were able to speak to each other alone, "I know all my presents to you, and I never gave you these." Elizabeth smiled at her bewildered husband. "No," she said, "but God can give presents, too." And then she explained to him how her prayer for help had been answered by the appearance of an angel carrying the dress, the cloak and the crown. "Oh noble spouse of the King of Heaven," the angel said, "behold what God, whom thou hast loved so much, sends thee from Heaven; thou shalt clothe thyself with these garments and crown thyself with this crown as the sign of thy eternal glory."

Elizabeth and Ludwig marvelled at so fair a miracle; and the pearl embroidered cloak was preserved for hundreds of years in the shrine of Saint Elizabeth at Marbury

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A PICTORIAL COMPETITION: for Old and Young

Drawn by Percy Home

Previous pictorial competitions have been such a success that the Editor is offering another one to his readers this year. The upper portion shows the general position and surrounding country of an English country scene. To complete the picture, the various buildings and trees shown in the lower half should be cut out and pasted in their proper positions, in the course of which the background view will be hidden. Some portions overlap others, the whole is based on an actual view, so that the parts fall logically into their positions. Address to the Competition Editor, "The Sphere" Office, 32-34 St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4., so as to arrive not later than January 11, 1939. The decision of the Editor is in every case final.

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VIRGIN & CHILD by Filippo Lippi

THE MIRACLE

(*Continued from page 8*)

white ruins of the chapel.

Could it have been the sheer, sixty-feet drop from the chapel windows to the rocks below?

He had been ready, coldly ready, to drop that sixty feet to destruction at the moment when a very faint, yet strangely clear, sigh from somewhere behind him had drawn his attention. Poised on the edge of the window, below him sixty feet of dizzy space and then the sharp, rocky slope of the castle hill, he had turned. The sun was low behind the mountains, and the chapel was filled with a soft blue twilight. Facing the Eastern wall, where a few meaningless traces of an ancient fresco could still be seen, was a woman with a long, dark shawl draped over her head and shoulders in the fashion of the Catalan peasants.

She made no move, and said nothing. But Peter Leighton had climbed down from the window quietly, with an odd sense of guilt. He wondered if he should speak or not. He decided to address her.

"Are you looking for something, Madre?" he said.

He had called her *Madre*, Mother. It was customary to address peasant women so; but it was the first time that Peter Leighton had used the familiar, homely address.

In her sweet, peasant voice she replied:

"I have found what I am looking for."

She continued to gaze at the Eastern wall. Peter Leighton had followed her gaze and, to his astonishment, saw that the wall glowed with a strange colour and luminosity. A trick of fancy, thought Peter Leighton—the setting sun was still in his eyes. As he continued gazing, it had seemed to him that the colours were taking form; but that, too, was a trick of fancy. The sun was far below the mountains, and shadow had spread across the valley. As the shadows filled the little chapel they must have pencilled their fugitive mark upon that Eastern wall, where the impact of colour had lain.

Peter Leighton had felt strangely dizzy. He had turned to the window from which, a moment before, he had been ready to leap to death on the rocks below. When he turned back, the woman had gone.

For the few moments that the peasant woman had stood near to him he had felt a queer sense of fulness and serenity, almost as if life were flowing back into his dead body. He laughed at the thought now; but, for all his laughter, the sense of having been brought back to life, if only for a few seconds, remained with him.

It was as if his own will had ceased to function, and some other will was making use of him.

He had bought the materials for mural painting from the little shop next to the Collegiate Church of San Juan, and daily for three weeks had climbed to the chapel, where he worked with all his old energy, if none of his old frenzy, on the fresco. He had been at no loss to decide upon the subject: no decision had been called for. Quite naturally, it had to be a conception of the Virgin and the Holy Child.

The child resolved itself into his dead son, David; but the face of the Virgin persistently eluded him. It was not long before his old despair, his conviction of futility, returned. It was no use. Skill was there, nothing else: the work was lifeless and dead, even as he, in all that mattered, was dead.

The peasant woman had come each evening at dusk. He had grown to long for her coming. For the few moments during which she remained in the twilit chapel he would feel a strange warmth of comfort and solace.

When she came it was always as if the light of the setting sun penetrated gently to the fresco and gave to its colours a living beauty. He was himself deceived by it, for that little space of time, into the belief that the fresco was itself a thing of beauty. The uncertain lines and tones of the Virgin seemed to take on purity of form and a blessed radiance of joy that was not only more than art, but more than human. And the figure of the child, in the likeness of his son, David, would glow, would come to life like someone raised from the dead. Always, next morning, he was bitterly disappointed. . . .

NOW, after three deluded weeks, he would make an end of everything. Not in fear or despair, but quite calmly, as the obvious thing to do.

He had been helped to this decision by the fact that the peasant woman had not made her usual visit on the previous night. At the hour when she usually appeared he had stood in front of the fresco, waiting for the moment when the light of the setting sun should be at that angle where it gave to the picture a vibrant life that for the moment seemed to be the very immortality of life.

The radiance had not come. A cloud had obscured the sun.

To-day he had not worked on the fresco. He had hardly glanced at it. He had spent most of the day in a long walk up the valley. In the late afternoon he had climbed to the chapel and begun writing what he intended should be a farewell letter to his wife, Julia. When the letter was finished, he would wait until sunset and then finish what the peasant woman had interrupted three weeks before.

Peter Leighton stood again in front of the fresco. The virgin looked down at him with unseeing eyes, the eyes of one who, like himself, was a mere shell, cold and dead.

His shoulders drooped as he turned away and walked slowly to the place where he had sat writing the farewell letter to Julia. Taking the writing pad from his pocket he settled himself once more against the wall and resumed his writing.

"It is nearing the end, now, Julia dear," he wrote. "Don't be unhappy, and for God's sake don't pity me. I am quite calm, and the thought that it is all to end in a few minutes gives me a kind of serenity. I have several times asked myself: 'Why prolong the Nothingness which I have become?' Well, Death is Nothingness, so I go only from one state of Nothingness into another. I have been painting our child in the arms of the Virgin; but David remained dead, and the Virgin was dead, too."

Peter Leighton stopped writing, and raised his head to listen. It seemed to him that the guns of General Franco had come much closer, and he fancied he heard, in the distance, the whir of aeroplanes.

He rose from his position and stared up the valley towards Aragon. The sun was already low. In a few minutes he saw it dip behind the long range of hills, above which were five dark specks which grew rapidly larger. So, thought Peter Leighton, the Nationalist offensive down the Ebro had begun in earnest, and the usual preliminary bombardments from the air were about to descend upon Tortosa.

He found himself wondering what would happen to the grave peasant woman who had had such a strange and compelling influence upon him these last three weeks. Down in Tortosa no one had known anything about her. They supposed she was some nondescript refugee driven down the valley by fear of the advancing armies.

He felt that she would not be afraid. There had been something about her that seemed to transcend fear; indeed, he thought, instinctively frowning and lifting his face to the sky, to transcend all the bitter pains and ironies of life. He, too, was not afraid; but that was because he longed for death. It occurred to him, that if he had longed for life it would have given him strength and comfort to have had the shawled peasant woman by his side.

The zoom of the aeroplanes was now heard almost immediately overhead. From the town, a solitary anti-aircraft gun could be heard intermittently popping at the enemy. Peter Leighton went into the chapel. From its window he could get a good view of the five bombers. Suddenly there came, in quick succession, the hissing sounds of five bombs hurtling down from about two thousand feet. All five burst almost simultaneously. There was a spurt of fire from the town below; and sounds of a panic among the trapped people came up to where Peter Leighton stood.

He climbed to the edge of the window.

Now, before the terrified people had clambered up the citadel hill to take refuge in the bat-infested caves and dungeons on the top, was the moment for which he was ready. He had hurriedly finished off his letter to Julia, and had placed it, with other papers, in an envelope fully addressed and bearing directions to the Spanish authorities in whose hands it would come.

He turned to take a last glance at the fresco, which was now almost in darkness.

His hands, which had been supporting him against the thick sides of the window, let go their pressure. He braced himself to leap.

Then something happened.

He felt himself enveloped in a whirlwind of screeching sound.

It was as if his lungs had burst. Then the noise died and darkness flowed in upon him. He lost consciousness.

PETER LEIGHTON became aware of sounds, and stirred. He was filled with nausea as he tried desperately to get his breath, and getting his breath was like getting something back from a deep, black pit. At last he was able to open his eyes.

Where was he? He supposed himself to be on the jagged rocks sixty feet below the chapel window; but then, why was he not dead? All at once he realized that he was still in the chapel. He tried to recall what had happened. A bomb from one of the aeroplanes must have burst within a few feet of him at the very moment he was on the point of leaping from the chapel window, and the shock must have thrown him backwards into the chapel.

Through this half-opened eyes he saw about him a confusion of masonry which he knew had not been there before. It was dark, yet the darkness was penetrated by a strange glow from somewhere behind him.

He managed to turn. His eyes were filled with a radiance that momentarily dazzled him, but in that moment he saw a group of refugees on their knees, praying and chanting: the chant had a curious, awed exultancy in its tone, and was rather a continuous sound of ecstatic gasping than a chant.

The praying figures were facing the Eastern wall, the wall upon which he had painted his fresco; but in the glow that came from he knew not where, he saw that just in front of the worshippers was a pile of ruin. The bomb that had thrown him back from the window ledge must have struck the chapel and caused the Eastern wall to collapse.

He wondered where the glow of light came from. He wanted to lift his eyes and look, but there seemed to be a heavy weight upon his head, as if he were not yet fully conscious. Gradually the light spread out. He felt it creeping over his body, like life creeping back into his veins, and with it there entered into his heart a miraculous sense of peace, a strange urgency of love and life.

He could lift his head now. He could lift his whole body. He felt in a flash as if he had been raised from the dead. . . .

With glistening eyes he saw that the glow of light was the glow that had come always when the peasant woman had appeared beside him in the chapel. Not the setting sun, but her gentle presence had been its source. He saw, too, that where the wall had collapsed was another; but there, too, was the fresco of the Virgin and Child; but alive, alive with a vibrancy and glory that was of Heaven itself. He heard the ecstatic peasants, as they prayed, muttering the exultant words: "A miracle ! A miracle !"

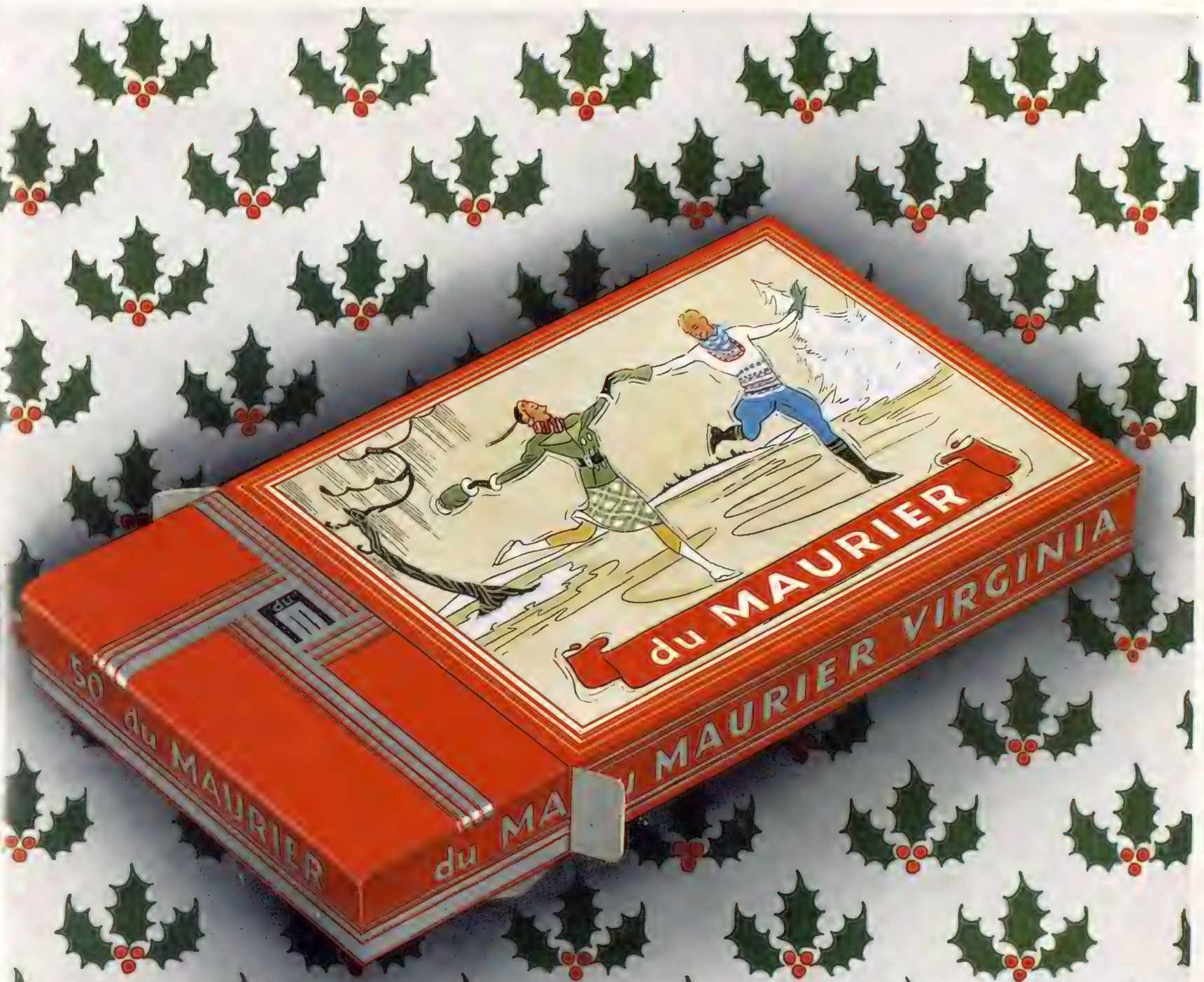
He did not ask himself how the fresco had become transferred from the collapsed wall to the wall now revealed. That was of no matter. He did not ask himself how divine life had entered into the lifeless forms he had painted. He only knew that there again was the infinite radiance of life and beauty which he had thought, on those evenings when the peasant *Madre* came, to be the effect of the setting sun and a reflection of his own lost aspirations.

The Holy Babe glowed with life. Immortality had been given to his son, David. And where he had tried to paint the Virgin, now stood, infinitely lovely, infinitely alive, the shawled peasant woman. He saw her lips moving.

No sound came from her lips; but Peter Leighton heard the voice in his heart, the marvellously sweet voice of the shawled woman speaking in the tongue of the Catalan peasants. He fell on his knees and gave thanks that he lived.

• • •

SHORTLY afterwards, a report appeared in Spanish and foreign newspapers that a bomb which had been dropped on an ancient chapel at Tortosa, on the Ebro, had completely split away a sixteenth century wall that had been imposed upon one of much earlier date. On the wall thus revealed there was found to be an exquisite fourteenth century fresco of the Virgin and Child, remarkable for its lovely colours and amazing vigour. The artist was unknown; but the fresco had been cut away and removed to a place of safety, where experts were now studying it.



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NEVER FORGET A FACE

by Claudia Parsons

Illustrated by S. Van Abbé.

HE was hanging about the *Dome Café* in Montparnasse searching among the revellers, sightseers, students and artists for someone willing to be caricatured for ten francs. He looked as if all his comforts and probably his livelihood depended on it, and I watched him go from table to table without success.

He had sketches of the waiters and certain of the *Dome's* most frequent visitors, which showed, if they were his own work, that he was a master of the art of caricature. But the company present, without exception, preferred to spend ten francs on refreshment. Then he came to me.

I was in funds at the time and had come, purely as a visitor, to this, the *Quartier,* that is not so Latin as it used to be. The *Dome Café* was then the hub of the *Quartier* and I was just the kind of client to raise the caricaturist's hopes. But I had no wish for a comic view of an already peculiar face, and I said so.

"But you are a well-known Englishman, Monsieur," he said. "I have seen your photo in picture papers. I know all famous men," and then added in English, "I never forget a face."

"Then you have a wonderful memory."

"It is true, Monsieur. I have. I used to work for *Pour Faire Rire.* Did you ever see my cartoons in *Pour Faire Rire?* I have a big book of cuttings, all photos of famous people. And once I have studied a face, it is always here." He tapped his head. "Now ten francs is not much for a caricature by Caillon of *Pour Faire Rire?*"

"Not if one wanted it. I also am an artist, and I'm very sorry for you. I'm sorry for myself too sometimes, but I don't *want* to be caricatured."

He went away discouraged, but at the end of an hour, during which he had probably visited other cafés down the boulevard, he was back at my side and beginning all over again.

"I thought you never forgot a face," I said.

"But no, Monsieur." And he repeated his English slogan, "I never forget a face."

"Well, all Englishmen may look alike, but I'm the same one that was sitting here an hour ago, and I still don't want to be caricatured."

"I know. But now I make an offer. I will do you for five francs."

I meant to curse him, to send him from me for good, but instead I let him have his way. The super brilliant lighting of the café showed me a face of despair; evidently this night there was no other mut in all the company at the *Dome,* the *Coupole,* and the *Rotonde* who could be moved by curiosity, badgering or pity. And so I renewed false hope in a down and out artist.

But I got him some publicity.

People began to look on, and a young man seated with two blondes at a neighbouring table shouted to him to go there after he had done with me. Now that he was working, and had a prospect of further work, the artist was a different man. All the time he drew, the patter of conversation went on unceasingly.

He liked the English. He had once been steward on an Englishman's yacht, and cook too because in bad weather the chef was always sick. He used to be sent for into the saloon to do caricatures of the guests, and that was how he first came to meet celebrated people.

"And how you learnt ' never to forget a face '?" I suggested.

"But certainly. I did a burlesque of Cowes Regatta, and that was my first picture taken by *Pour Faire Rire.*"

But when I asked why he no longer worked for that paper, he drooped the corners of his mouth, and lifting his arms from his sides he let them fall again. It is a gesture by which only a Frenchman can convey the injustice of affairs beyond his control.

We were silent for a time after that, and then with infinite and tragic wisdom he added, "If I could *look* like M. Caillon of former times, I could ask twenty francs for my sketches here in Montparnasse and people would clamour for them. But when one looks poor and of no account, then it is different."

"There's a lot in that," I said.

The caricature was good. I have it to this day. But three yards down the street from the café I found I had not got my notecase.

I had given Caillon a drink when he had finished his job, and I settled with him at the same time as I settled with the waiter. I put my notecase on the table while doing so, and it may have fallen accidentally to the ground. Again, Caillon may have just tipped it off the edge. He would not have dared to steal it immediately. I put the rest of my change in a trouser pocket, picked up the sketch, and, not seeing the notecase, went out thinking I had already put that in my coat. But I was hardly in the street before my subconscious mind gave me a prod, and I felt for the case and found it was not with me. I returned hot-foot to my table in the café, but the case was gone.

So was the artist.

He had not stopped to fulfil his commission to the man with the blondes, and this, to my mind, convicted him. The caricature cost me eleven pounds.

THAT happened in the care-free days before the slump, when eleven pounds carried a long way. Six years later, staying in Vézelay, I found that twenty pounds had dwindled all too quickly, and I had to start northward for Fontainbleau where lay the rest of my luggage and some more money. I was travelling on a push-bike and had all my painting apparatus, and at noon of the second day I arrived with a great hunger and a still greater thirst in Moret-sur-Loing. This little town is only five miles short of Fontainebleau and, so near my journey's end, I determined to have done with economy and to feed well.

I asked an inhabitant where I could get a good lunch, and was told without hesitation to go to *Le Coq d'Or.* (*Continued on a later page*)

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Wandering Willie's Tale

(*Continued from page* 12)

Sir Robert, that's gaen, drew it till him to count it, and write out the receipt, he was ta'en wi' the pains that removed him."

"That was unlucky," said Sir John, after a pause. "But ye maybe paid it in the presence of somebody. I want but a *talis qualis* evidence, Stephen. I would go ower strictly to work with no poor man."

Stephen. "Troth, Sir John, there was naebody in the room but Dougal MacCallum, the butler. But, as your honour kens, he has e'en followed his auld master."

"Very unlucky again, Stephen," said Sir John, without altering his voice a single note. "The man to whom ye paid the money is dead—and the man who witnessed the payment is dead too—and the siller, which should have been to the fore, is neither seen nor heard tell of in the repositories. How am I to believe a' this?"

Stephen. "I dinna ken, your honour; but there is a bit memorandum note of the very coins; for, God help me! I had to borrow out of twenty purses, and I am sure that ilka man there set down will take his grit oath for what purpose I borrowed the money."

Sir John. "I have little doubt ye *borrowed* the money, Steenie. It is the *payment* to my father that I want to have some proof of."

Stephen. "The siller maun be about the house, Sir John. And since your honour never got it, and his honour that was canna have ta'en it wi' him, maybe some of the family may have seen it."

Sir John. "We will examine the servants, Stephen; that is but reasonable."

But lackey and lass, and page and groom, all denied stoutly that they had ever seen such a bag of money as my gudesire described. What was waur, he had unluckily not mentioned to any living soul of them his purpose of paying his rent. A quean had noticed something under his arm, but she took it for the pipes.

Sir John Redgauntlet ordered the servants out of the room, and then said to my gudesire: "Now, Steenie, ye see you have fair play, and, as I have little doubt ye ken better where to find the siller than any other body, I beg, in fair terms, and for your own sake, that you will end this fasherie; for, Stephen, ye maun pay or flit."

"The Lord forgie your opinion," said Stephen, driven almost to his wit's end—"I am an honest man."

"So am I, Stephen," said his honour, "and so are all the folks in the house, I hope. But if there be a knave amongst us, it must be he that tells the story he cannot prove." He paused, and then added, mair sternly: "If I understand your trick, sir, you want to take advantage of some malicious reports concerning things in this family, and particularly respecting my father's sudden death, thereby to cheat me out of the money, and perhaps take away my character, by insinuating that I have received the rent I am demanding. Where do you suppose this money to be? I insist upon knowing."

My gudesire saw every thing look sae muckle against him that he grew nearly desperate—however, he shifted from one foot to another, looked to every corner of the room, and made no answer.

"Speak out, sirrah," said the Laird, assuming a look of his father's, a very particular ane, which he had when he was angry—it seemed as if the wrinkles of his frown made that selfsame fearful shape of a horse's shoe in the middle of his brow; "Speak out, sir! I *will* know yoor thoughts; do you suppose that I have this money?"

"Far be it frae me to say so," said Stephen.

"Do you charge any of my people with having taken it?"

"I wad be laith to charge them that may be innocent," said my gudesire; "and if there be any one that is guilty, I have nae proof."

"Somewhere the money must be if there is a word of truth in your story," said Sir John; "I ask where you think it is—and demand a correct answer."

"In hell, if you *will* have my thoughts of it," said my gudesire, driven to extremity, "in hell! With your father, his jackanape, and his silver whistle."

Down the stairs he ran (for the parlour was nae place for him after such a word) and he heard the Laird swearing blood and wounds behind him, as fast as ever did Sir Robert, and roaring for the bailie and the baron-officer.

Away rode my gudesire to his chief creditor (him they caa'd Laurie Lapraik) to try if he could make onything out of him; but when he tauld his story, he got but the warst word in his wame—thief, beggar and dyvour, were the saftest terms, and to the boot of these hard terms, Laurie brought up the auld story of his dipping his hand in the blood of God's saunts, just as if a tenant could have helped riding with the Laird, and that a laird like Sir Robert Redgauntlet. My gudesire was, by this time, far beyond the bounds of patience, and while he and Laurie were at deil speed the liars, he was wanchancie aneugh to abuse Lapraik's doctrine as weel as the man, and said things that garr'd folk's flesh grue that heard them; he wasna just himsell, and he had lived wi' a wild set in his day.

At last they parted, and my gudesire was to ride hame through the wood of Pitmurkie, that is a'fou of black firs, as they say. I ken the wood, but the firs may be black or white for what I can tell. At the entry of the wood there is a wild common, and on the edge of the common a little lonely change-house, that was keepit then by an ostler-wife they suld hae caa'd her Tibbie Faw, and there puir Steenie cried for a mutchkin of brandy, for he had had no refreshment the haill day. Tibbie was earnest wi' him to take a bite of meat, but he couldna think o't, nor would he take his foot out of the stirrup, and took off the brandy wholly at twa draughts, and named a toast at each: The first was, the memory of Sir Robert Redgauntlet, and might he never lie quiet in his grave till he had righted his poor bond-tenant; and the second was, a health to Man's Enemy, if he would but get him back the pock of siller, or tell him what came o't, for he saw the haill world was like to regard him as a thief and a cheat, and he took that waur then ever the ruin of his house and hauld.

On he rode, little caring where. It was a dark night turned, and the trees made it yet darker, and he let the beast take its ain road through the wood; when, all of a sudden, from tired and wearied that it was before, the nag began to spring and flee, and stend, that my gudesire could hardly keep the saddle. Upon the whilk, a horseman, suddenly riding up beside him, said: "That's a mettle beast of yours, freend; will you sell him?" So saying, he touched the horse's neck with his riding-wand, and it fell into its auld heigh-ho of a stumbling trot. "But his spunk's soon out of him, I think," continued the stranger, "and that is like mony a man's courage, that thinks he wad do great things till he come to the proof."

My gudesire scarce listened to this, but spurred his horse, with "Gude e'en to you, freend."

But it's like the stranger was ane that doesna lightly yield his point; for, ride as Steenie liked, he was aye beside him at the selfsame pace. At last my gudesire, Steenie Steenson, grew half angry, and, to say the truth, half feared.

"What is it that ye want with me, freend?" he said. "If ye be a robber, I have nae money; if ye be a leal man, wanting company, I have nae heart to mirth or speaking, and if ye want to ken the road, I scarce ken it mysell."

"If you will tell me your grief," said the stranger, "I am one that, though I have been sair miscaa'd in the world, am the only hand for helping my freends."

So my gudesire, to ease his ain heart, mair than from any hope of help, told him the story from beginning to end.

"It's a hard pinch," said the stranger. "But I think I can help you."

"If you could lend the money, sir, and take a lang day—I ken nae other help on earth," said my gudesire.

"But there may be some under the earth," said the stranger. "Come, I'll be frank wi' you; I could lend you the money on bond, but you would maybe scruple my terms. Now, I can tell you, that your auld Laird is disturbed in his grave by your curses, and the wailing of your family, and if ye daur venture to go to see him, he will give you the receipt."

My gudesire's hair stood on end at this proposal, but he thought his companion might be some humorsome chield that was trying to frighten him, and might end with lending him the money. Besides, he was baulf wi' brandy, and desperate wi' distress, and he said, he had courage to go to the gate of hell, and a step farther, for that receipt. The stranger laughed.

Weel, they rode on through the thickest of the wood, when, all of a sudden, the horse stopped at the door of a great house, and, but that he knew the place was ten miles off, my father would have thought he was at Redgauntlet Castle. They rode into the outer courtyard, through the muckle faulding yetts, and aneath the auld portcullis, and the whole front of the house was lighted, and there were pipes and fiddles, and as much dancing and deray within as used to be in Sir Robert's house at Pace and Yule, and such high seasons. They lap off, and my gudesire, as seemed to him, fastened his horse to the very ring he had tied him to that morning, when he gaed to wait on the young Sir John.

"God!" said my gudesire, "if Sir Robert's death be but a dream!"

He knocked at the ha' door just as he was wont, and his auld acquaintance, Dougal MacCullum—just after his wont, too—came to open the door and said, "Piper Steenie, are ye there, lad? Sir Robert has been crying for you."

My gudesire was like a man in a dream—he looked for the stranger, but he was gane for the time. At last he tried to say, "Ha! Dougal Driveower, are ye living? I thought ye had been dead."

"Never fash yoursell wi' me," said Dougal, "but look to yoursell; and see ye tak naething frae ony body here, neither meat, drink, or siller, except just the receipt that is your ain."

So saying, he led the way out through halls and trances that were weel kend to my gudesire, and into the auld oak parlour; and there was as much singing of profane sangs, and birling of red wine, and speaking blasphemy and sculduddry, as had ever been in Redgauntlet Castle when it was at the blithest.

But, Lord, take us in keeping! What a set of ghastly revellers they were that sat round that table! My gudesire kend mony that had long before gane to their place, for often had he piped to the most part in the hall of Redgauntlet. There was the fierce Middleton, and the dissolute Rothes, and the crafty Lauderdale; and Dalyell, with his bald head and a beard to his girdle; and Earlshall, with Cameron's blude on his hand; and wild Bonshaw, that tied blessed Mr. Cargill's limbs till the blude sprung; and Dumbarton Douglas, the twice-turned traitor baith to country and king. There was the Bluidy Advocate MacKenyie, who, for his wordly wit and wisdom, had been to the rest as a god. And there was Claverhouse, as beautiful as when he lived, with his long, dark, curled locks, streaming down over his laced buff-coat, and his left hand always on his right spule-blade, to hide the wound that the silver bullet had made. He sat apart from them all, and looked at them with a melancholy, haughty countenance; while the rest hallooed, and sung, and laughed, that the room rang. But their smiles were fearfully contorted from time to time; and their laughter passed into such wild sounds as made my gudesire's very nails grow blue, and chilled the marrow in his banes.

They that waited at the table were just the wicked serving-men and troopers that had done their work and cruel bidding on earth. There was the Lang Lad of the Nethertown, that helped to take Argyle; and the Bishop's summoner, that they called the Deil's Rattle-bag; and the wicked guardsmen, in their laced coats; and the savage Highland Amorites, that shed blood like water; and many a proud serving-man, haughty of heart and bloody of hand, cringing to the rich, and making them wickeder than they would be; grinding the poor to powder, when the rich had broken them to fragments. And mony, mony mair were coming and ganging, a' as busy in their vocation as if they had been alive.

Sir Robert Redgauntlet, in the midst of a' this (*Continued on page* 54)

WANDERING WILLIE'S TALE (*Continued from page* 53)

fearful riot, cried, wi' a voice like thunder, on Steenie Piper to come to the board-head where he was sitting, his legs stretched out before him, and swathed up with flannel, with his holster pistols aside him, while the great broadsword rested against his chair, just as my gudesire had seen him the last time upon earth—the very cushion for the jackanape was close to him, but the creature itsell was not there—it wasna its hour, it's likely, for he heard them say as he came forward, "Is not the Major come yet?" And another answered, "The jackanape will be here betimes the morn." And when my gudesire came forward, Sir Robert, or his ghaist, or the deevil in his likeness, said, "Weel, piper, hae ye settled wi' my son for the year's rent?"

With much ado my father gat breath to say that Sir John would not settle without his honour's receipt.

"Ye shall hae that for a tune of the pipes, Steenie," said the appearance of Sir Robert. "Play us up, 'Weel hoddled, Luckie'."

Now this was a tune my gudesire learned frae a warlock, that heard it when they were worshipping Satan at their meetings; and my gudesire had sometimes played it at the ranting suppers in Redgauntlet Castle, but never very willingly, and now he grew cauld at the very name of it, and said, for excuse, he hadna his pipes wi' him.

"MacCullum, ye limb of Beelzebub," said the fearfu' Sir Robert, "bring Steenie the pipes that I am keeping for him!"

MacCullum brought a pair of pipes that might have served the piper of Donald of the Isles. But he gave my gudesire a nudge as he offered them; and looking secretly and closely, Steenie saw that the chanter was of steel, and heated to a white heat; so he had fair warning not to trust his fingers with it. So he excused himself again, and said he was faint and frightened, and had not wind aneugh to fill the bag.

"Then ye maun eat and drink, Steenie," said the figure, "for we do little else here; and it's ill speaking between a fou man and a fasting."

Now these were the very words that the bloody Earl of Douglas said to keep the King's messenger in hand while he cut the head off MacLellan of Bombie at the Threave Castle, and that put Steenie mair and mair on his guard. So he spoke up like a man, and said he came neither to eat, or drink, or make ministrelsy; but simply for his ain—to ken what was come o' the money he had paid, and to get a discharge for it; and he was so stout-hearted by this time, that he charged Sir Robert for conscience' sake (he had no power to say the holy name) and as he hoped for peace and rest, to spread no snares for him, but just to give him his ain.

The appearance gnashed its teeth and laughed, but it took from a large pocket-book the receipt and handed it to Steenie. "There is your receipt, ye pitiful cur; and for the money, my dog-whelp of a son may go look for it in the Cat's Cradle."

My gudesire uttered mony thanks, and was about to retire, when Sir Robert roared aloud, "Stop, though, thou sack-doudling son of a whore! I am not done with thee. *Here* we do nothing for nothing, and you must return on this very day twelvemonth, to pay your master the homage that you owe me for my protection."

My father's tongue was loosed of a suddenty, and he said aloud, "I refer mysell to God's pleasure, and not to yours."

He had no sooner uttered the word than all was dark around him, and he sunk on the earth with such a sudden shock that he lost both breath and sense.

How lang Steenie lay there he could not tell; but when he came to himself, he was lying in the auld kirkyard of Redgauntlet parochine, just at the door of the family aisle, and the scutcheon of the auld knight, Sir Robert, hanging over his head. There was a deep morning fog on grass and gravestane around him, and his horse was feeding quietly beside the minister's twa cows. Steenie would have thought the whole was a dream, but he had the receipt in his hand, fairly written and signed by the auld Laird; only the last letters of his name were a little disorderly, written like one seized with sudden pain.

Sorely troubled in his mind, he left that dreary place, rode through the mist to Redgauntlet Castle and with much ado he got speech of the Laird.

(*Continued on page* 60)

A BUTCHER'S SHOP IN MINIATURE at the Victoria and Albert Museum. In this remarkable well-stocked shop, all the legs and sides of meat are vividly coloured, and, with the little pots and windows above, it presents a very cheery sight to the eye.

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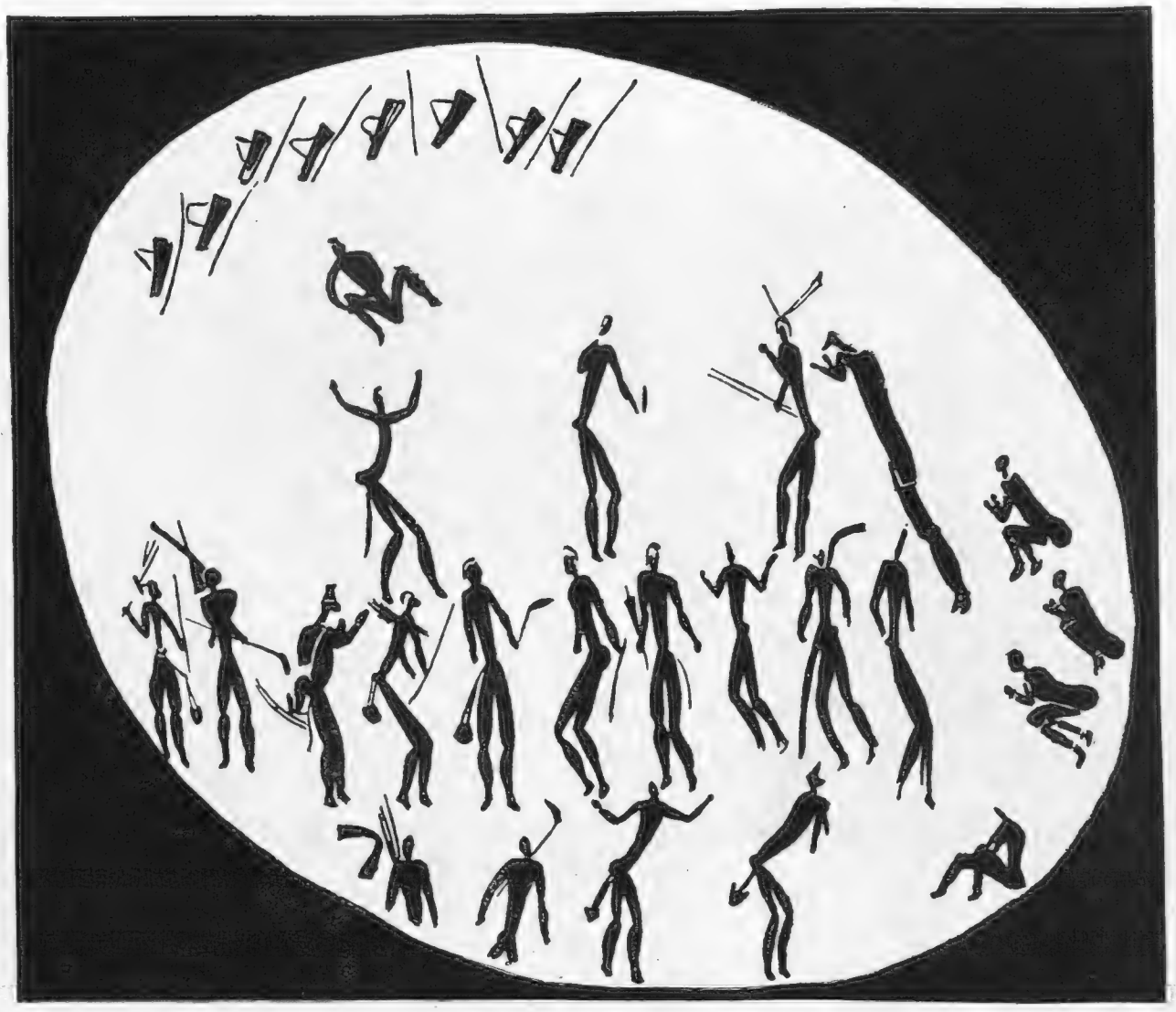

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South Africa

NEVER FORGET A FACE

(*Continued from page* 50)

This proved to be a simple restaurant of such modest proportions that I did not bother to read the charges on the menu in the window.

But when I got inside, I found that this must be the haunt of connoisseurs. The company was rich and the prices high. But I determined to blow the rest of my funds, forgetting that I had bought paints and a palette on my way through Auxerre. I broached a bottle of wine, had an excellent consommé, crayfish, a tournado, salad, and finally that demoralising fromage a la crème, cheese smothered in thick, rich cream, before I discovered that I had exactly seven francs fifty in my pocket.

"This is a damned good restaurant. I hope I can pay the bill" I was thinking dreamily, as I searched for my money. But when I found I couldn't hope to pay half the bill, I began thinking very seriously.

My first step was to order a liqueur. I had already burnt my boats, and I would put off the awkward moment of revelation till the Parisian couple seated just behind me had got up and gone. I could see them in a looking glass that hung on the wall in front of me. Had I been better acquainted with the theatre, I would have recognised in the well-groomed young lady a star of the French stage. I could also see my own reflection, that of an unkempt, dirty-looking lout, just the kind of fellow to order an expensive lunch and be unable to pay for it. Other clothes, other circumstances, and the *patron* would charmingly excuse my oversight, letting me go on to Fontainebleau and send the money from there. What an important factor it was, this question of appearance. And suddenly, perhaps the thought was telepathic or inspired by the pencil caricatures sketched on the white walls of the restaurant—I remembered the little artist at the *Dome Café;* could hear him saying: "But when one looks poor and of no account, then it is different."

I could see his face so clearly in my mind that it was rather a shock to find that I was actually looking at it. Reverently and discreetly it had appeared in the picture in the looking glass, and was asking if Mme Zola Denise had enjoyed her lunch.

"Ah, here is *M. le Patron!*" said Denise. "I was afraid you were not coming to see me."

"But of course, Madame. Only *M. le Patron* is also *M. le Chef.*" And then, if there had been any doubt in my mind as to whether this was my artist friend, I had proof in every word of the conversation which followed.

M. Caillon must do Mme Denise's portrait on his walls. Would she like to be next M. Chevalier or above M. Daladier? No, M. Daladier had not dined here, but Caillon had done that sketch from memory for a friend. Yes, it was amusing.

Drawn by Isobel Beard

When Caillon worked for *Pour Faire Rire* he had of course often met Daladier. And then came the inevitable, but this time in French "Caillon never forgets a face."

So on it went. I sat through it with my back turned obstinately towards them, and Caillon, occupied with noted guests, had no eyes for the dishevelled and only other diner remaining. I was thinking of that eleven pounds. I saw it no longer as a dead loss, but rather as an investment.

The moment Zola Denise and her friend had been bowed to the door I got up and went after the *patron.* "Well, Caillon, since you never forgot a face, what about this one?" I asked.

The instant he looked at me I saw that he had recognised me and that he was frightened. But he began bluffing. "I am sorry, Monsieur, but I don't seem to remember. . . ."

"Oh, now, don't spoil that grand slogan ! Just think a bit."

"I have done your portrait, perhaps?"

"Yes, at the *Dome Café* in Paris."

"Ah but, Monsieur, how can I be expected to remember . . ."

"I thought you might remember that one. I paid eleven pounds, ten francs and a drink for it."

"Eleven pounds? That is impossible, Monsieur. I never ask . . ."

"You didn't ask."

"Then what are you saying? Do you say that I *take?* Do you say that Caillon is a *thief?*"

"Now Caillon, you jump to conclusions too quickly. You give yourself away. I was going to say that I have had an excellent lunch and also a bottle of your red wine and some Calvados, and here is five francs for your waiter. Whenever I pass this way I hope to lunch here till the bills reach about eleven pounds. You have a thriving business and a valuable reputation and I wouldn't want to injure either of them."

But *Le Coq d'Or* in Moret-sur-Loing exists no longer. Other crimes, of which I knew nothing, eventually led to M. Caillon's arrest. I am sorry, for I cannot bear to think of such an excellent chef wasting his time in prison, and because I have not eaten through more than seven of the pounds owing to me. And my picture, too, had appeared on the walls of that restaurant beside those of Denise, Chevalier, Daladier and others, and Caillon and I both laughed a lot when I took the chalk out of his hand and wrote underneath it, "I never forgot a face either."

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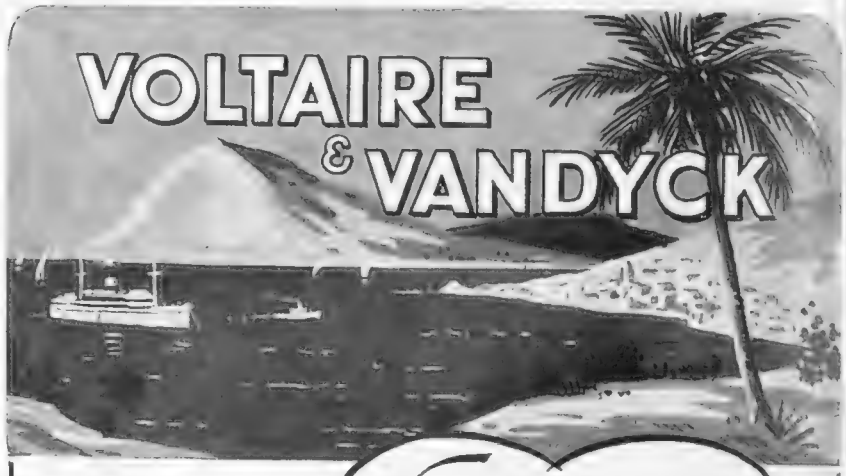

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★ ★ A REQUEST FOR TOOTHBRUSHES ★ ★

from an English Girl in France in King Henry VIII's reign (*Continued from page* 16).

For surely, where your ladyship doth think that I can write English, in very deed I cannot, but that little that I can write is French; and to cause any other to write for me unto your ladyship in English I know not whom I may trust to open my mind unto. Your ladyship I trust will even so accept it, and not to impute me to be thereby disobedient or remiss and negligent; but if your ladyship will pardon me this, I trust hereafter you shall find no fault in me.

I have received all things by this bearer, and touching the French partlet, my lady of Sussex will in no wise let me part from it; beseeching you to be so good lady and mother unto me, as to give unto Mrs. Griffin hearty thanks for her gentle token and remembrance, unto whom by this bearer I do send a poor token, which I will desire her to take aworth with my whole heart; whereof she shall be well assured during my life; giving her therewith my right entire and hearty commendations. And as for Madame de Ryon I will not fail, as soon as I may have any leisure, to write her a gentle and thankful letter, with some like token, for her kind and loving remembrance towards me. I have received of Hugh Philkocks all things your ladyship sent me, saving my jefrome the which I beseech your ladyship to send me with the first, and also a frontlet, for James had the frontlets of black velvet your ladyship sent me, and said your ladyship would send me another with the first. And if your ladyship would be so good lady unto me as to send me an edge of pearl and a tablet to wear, I were much bounden unto your ladyship, for I have never a tablet to wear. My lord and my lady of Sussex hath them heartily commended unto you, and I find them both very good unto me, and my said lady tarrieth but for her good hour, which I beseech Jesu to send her, to her ladyship's comfort and rejoicement of her friends.

There is a later letter, mentioning her immediate needs. The letters are full of these requests.

. . . I have received by the bearer the toilet and shoes that you have sent me. I thank you most humbly for them, and also for the laced gloves which you sent me by the present bearer. I entreat you, madam, to do me the favour to send me something good for a present for Madame de Bours' maid, for she does me as much service as is possible. I have not yet given her anything; so it is that she holds herself much indebted to you for two ells of worsted which you have sent her when I came first into this country, which will be hers. I pray our Creator, Madam, to give you a very good and long life.

Toothbrushes and shoes are requested by Mary Bassett, apparently Anne's sister.

. . . It was told me at Abbeville that you sent me a letter; but the messenger lost it; at which I was very much annoyed. Madam, I thank you most humbly for that which you sent me by John Somit. I am waiting till some one repasses through Abbeville, in order that I may send you tidings of myself. Madame, I entreat you to be so good to me as to send a pair of toothbrushes to Madame, and a pair for me; she has very little from England; if you would please to send her something, I should be very glad. There is a gentleman, a good friend of mine, who has begged a pair from me, and a pair of shoes. I should be very glad to make him a present of them. This bearer will tell you who he is. I think that Madame de Bours has written to you for some running-dogs to Monsieur d'Agincourt, and a white leveret for his brother.

THE WILY FOX: *Continued from page* 40

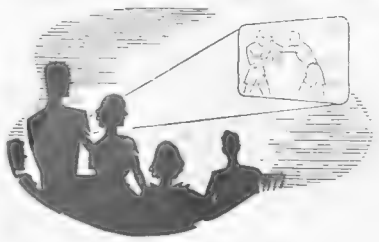
hopped at the head and his two sons got in at the foot.

"Now in you get and gather round," said Mr. Fox and soon he was reading out part of a queer story so full of exciting moments that the hair of some who heard him began to stand on end. Others began to shiver and shake, and all wished they were safely at home. The story got more and more strange and Mr. Fox murmured in a low voice to his twins at the foot of the bed, "it's nearly twelve," when suddenly there was a noise on the ground outside the door of the little cottage. Everyone heard it and no one more quickly than Mr. Fox and his two boys who were out of the bed and through the window in a flash and on to an outhouse roof from which they dropped to the ground and disappeared into the shadows of the night. It was a narrow escape, for the cottage wasn't Mr. Fox's at all. It belonged to the foresters who came there when their work lay that way and they had arrived just in the nick of time. The whole party vanished like a dream, and but for the rumpled bedclothes you would never have known what a narrow escape the woodland folk had had on this adventurous evening.—P.H.

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. KING GEORGE VI

3 Christmas Gift Suggestions from

WALLACE HEATON LTD.



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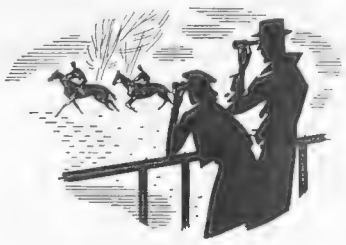

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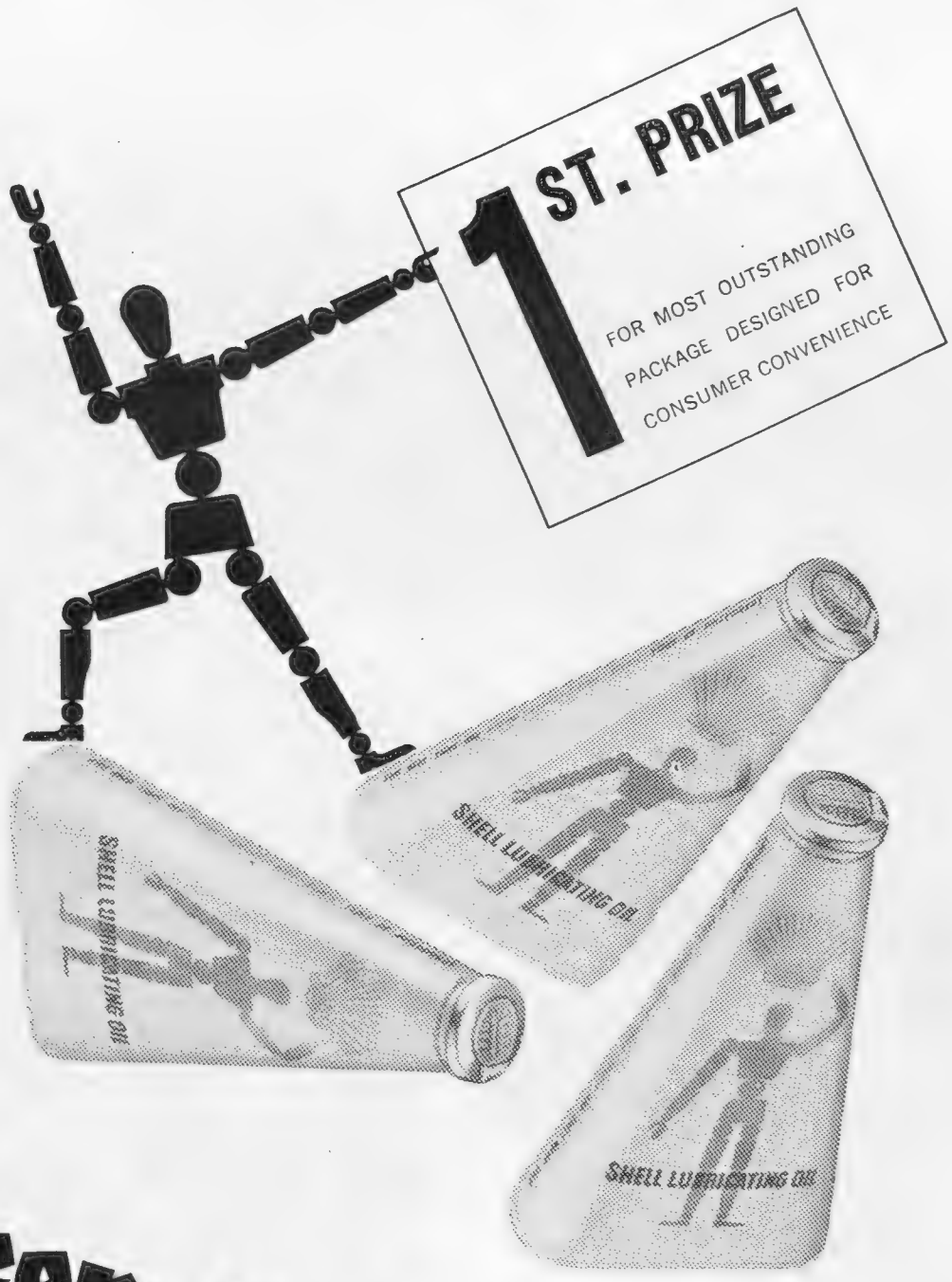
ORGANISED BY SHELF APPEAL



Keep one in your car

Last July a committee of six experts met to decide the winners in a packaging contest organised by "Shelf Appeal." They selected the new Shell Oil tin as being the "most outstanding package designed for consumer convenience"—in other words the easiest to use. Have your sump drained and refilled with new Shell Oil and slip a tin in the back of the car. Shell oil contains an oily concentrate which causes it to cling to bearing surfaces, preventing corrosion and "dry-starting."

SHELL LUBRICATING OIL

WANDERING WILLIE'S TALE

(*Continued from page* 54)

"Well, you dyvour bankrupt," was the first word, "have you brought me my rent?"

"No," answered my gudesire, "I have not; but I have brought your honour Sir Robert's receipt for it."

"How, sirrah? Sir Robert's receipt! You told me he had not given you one."

"Will your honour please to see if that bit line is right?"

Sir John looked at every line, and at every letter, with much attention; and at last, at the date, which my gudesire had not observed—"*From my appointed place,*" he read, "*this twenty-fifth of November.*" "What! That is yesterday! Villain, thou must have gone to hell for this!"

"I got it from your honour's father—whether he be in heaven or hell, I know not," said Steenie.

"I will delate you for a warlock to the Privy Council!" said Sir John. "I will send you to your master, the devil, with the help of a tar-barrel and a torch!"

"I intend to delate mysell to the Presbytery," said Steenie, "and tell them all I have seen last night, whilk are things fitter for them to judge of than a borrel man like me."

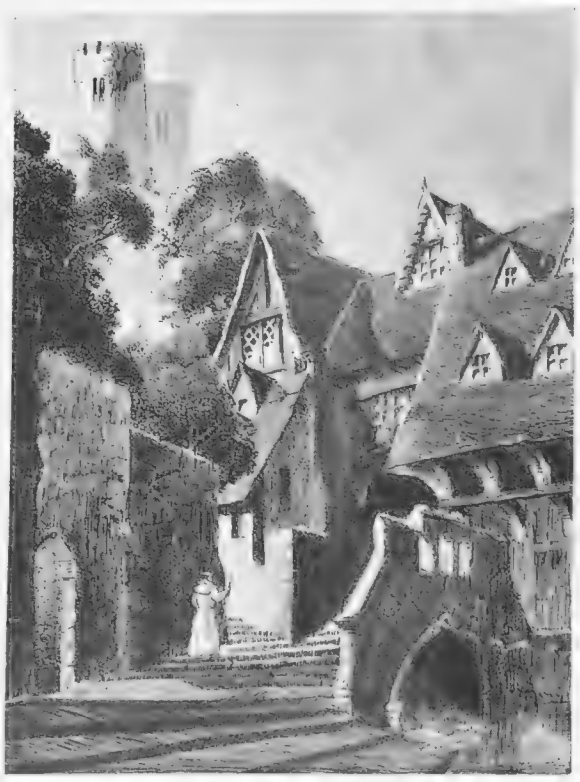
Sir John paused, composed himsell, and desired to hear the full history; and my gudesire told it him from point to point, as I have told it you—word for word, neither more nor less.

Sir John was silent again for a long time, and at last he said, very composedly, "Steenie, this story of yours concerns the honour of many a noble family besides mine; and if it be a leasing-making, to keep yourself out of my danger, the least you can expect is to have a redhot iron driven through your tongue, and that will be as bad as scauding your fingers with a redhot chanter. But yet it may be true, Steenie; and if the money cast up, I shall not know what to think of it. But where shall we find the Cat's Cradle? There are cats enough about the old house, but I think they kitten without the ceremony of bed or cradle."

"We were best ask Hutcheon," said my gudesire, "he kens a' the odd corners about as weel as—another serving-man that is now gane, and that I wad not like to name."

Aweel, Hutcheon, when he was asked, told them that a ruinous turret, lang disused, next to the clock-house, only accessible by a ladder, for the opening was on the outside, and far above the battlements, was called of old the Cat's Cradle.

"There will I go immediately," said Sir John, and he took (with what purpose, Heaven kens) one of his father's pistols from the hall-table, where they had lain since the night he died, and hastened to the battlements.



THE OLD CASTLE

from the drawing by F. John Simpson

It was a dangerous place to climb, for the ladder was auld and frail, and wanted ane or two rounds. However, up got Sir John, and entered at the turret door, where his body stopped the only little light that was in the bit turret. Something flees at him wi' a vengeance, maist dang him back ower—bang gaed the knight's pistol, and Hutcheon, that held the ladder, and my gudesire that stood beside him, hears a loud skelloch. A minute after, Sir John flings the body of the jackanape down to them, and cries that the siller is fund, and that they should come up and help him. And there was the bag of siller sure aneugh, and mony orra things besides, that had been missing for mony a day. And Sir John, when he had riped the turret weel, led my gudesire into the dining-parlour, and took him by the hand, and spoke kindly to him, and said he was sorry he should have doubted his word, and that he would hereafter be a good master to him, to make amends.

"And now, Steenie," said Sir John, "although this vision of yours tends, on the whole, to my father's credit, as an honest man, that he should, even after his death, desire to see justice done to a poor man like you, yet you are sensible that ill-dispositioned men might make bad constructions upon it, concerning his soul's health. So, I think, we had better lay the haill dirdum on that ill-deedie creature, Major Weir, and say naething about your dream in the wood of Pitmurkie. You had taken ower muckle brandy to be very certain about ony thing; and, Steenie, this receipt" (his hand shook while he held it out), "it's but a queer kind of ducument, and we will do best, I think, to put it quietly in the fire."

"Od, but for as queer as it is, it's a' the voucher I have for my rent," said my gudesire, who was afraid, it may be, of losing the benefit of Sir Robert's discharge.

"I will bear the contents to your credit in the rental-book and give you a discharge under my own hand," said Sir John, "and that on the spot. And, Steenie, if you can hold your tongue about this matter, you shall sit, from this term downward, at an easier rent."

"Mony thanks to your honour," said Steenie, who saw easily in what corner the wind was; "doubtless I will be conformable to all your honour's commands; only I would willingly speak wi' some powerful minister on the subject, for I do not like the sort of soumons of appointment whilk your honour's father——"

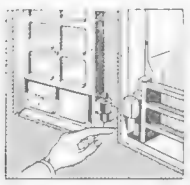
"Do not call the phantom my father!" said Sir John, interrupting him.

"Weel, then, the thing that was so like him," said my gudesire; "he spoke of my coming back to him this time twelvemonth, and it's a weight on my conscience."

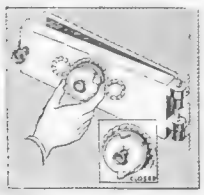
"Aweel, then," said Sir John, "if you be so much distressed in mind, you may speak to our minister

(*Continued on page* 62)

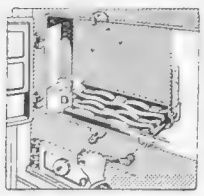
Scientific Construction makes them *highly efficient*



Cozy Stoves burn open or closed on ordinary kitchen coal, and are guaranteed to burn 12 hours without attention. All doors are made to fit perfectly.



The amount of air required to ensure complete slow combustion depends upon the fuel used. The air regulating device in COZY STOVES is operated by a disc, and is most efficient.



Coal not burnt to ashes still gives off heat. Dropped through to the ashpan it is wasted. The new patent Rocking Grate in all large-size Cozy Stoves prevents that and very little but the dead ashes fall through.

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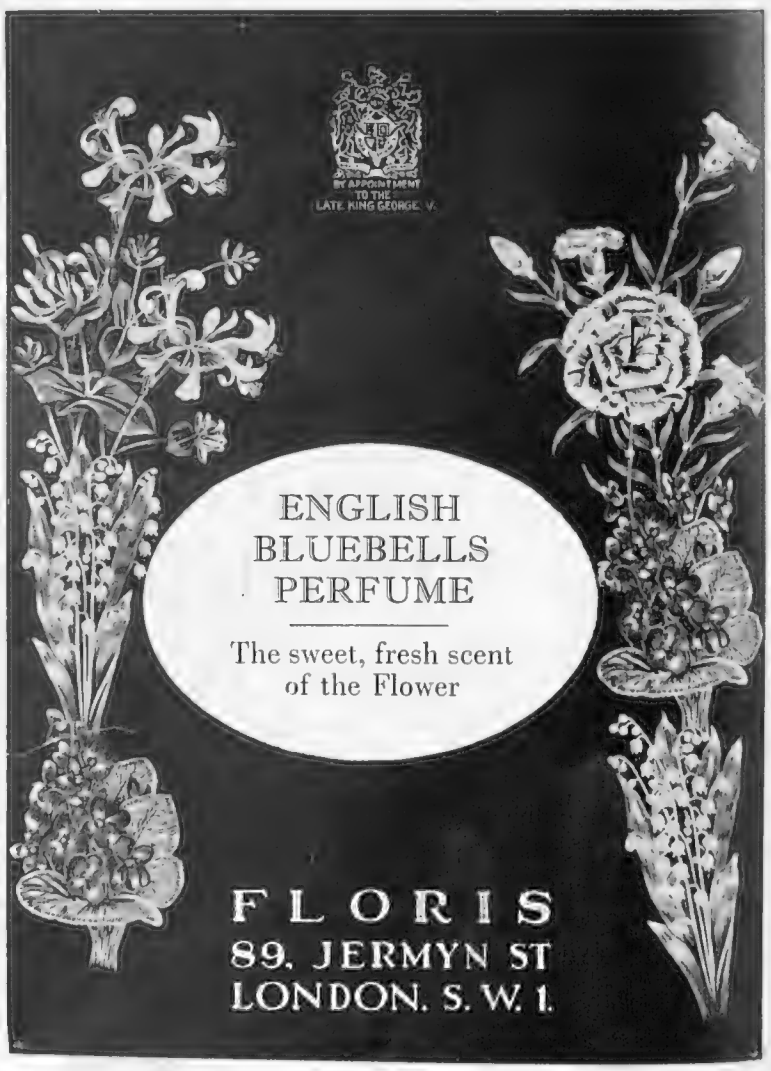

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3 BOTTLES
6 BOTTLES
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Quality tells!

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C.F.H.

WANDERING WILLIE'S TALE : CONCLUDED

of the parish; he is a douce man, regards the honour of our family, and the mair that he may look for some patronage from me."

Wi' that my gudesire readily agreed that the receipt should be burnt, and the Laird threw it into the chimney with his ain hand. Burn it would not for them, though; but away it flew up the lum, wi' a lang train of sparks at its tail, and a hissing noise like a squib.

My gudesire gaed down to the manse, and the minister, when he had heard the story, said it was his real opinion that though my gudesire had gaen very far in tampering with dangerous matters, yet, as he had refused the devil's arles (for such was the offer of meat and drink) and had refused to do homage by piping at his bidding, he hoped that, if he held a circumspect walk hereafter, Satan could take little advantage by what was come and gane. And, indeed, my gudesire, of his ain accord, lang forswore baith the pipes and the brandy—it was not even till the year was out, and the fatal day passed, that he would so much as take the fiddle, or drink usquebaugh or tippenny.

Sir John made up his story about the jackanape as he liked himsell; and some believe till this day there was no more in the matter than the filching nature of the brute. Indeed, ye'll no hinder some to threap, that it was nane o' the Auld Enemy that Dougal and my gudesire saw in the Laird's room, but only that wanchancy creature, the Major, capering on the coffin; and that as to the blawing on the Laird's whistle that was heard after he was dead, the filthy brute could do that as weel as the Laird himself, if no' better. But Heaven kens the truth, whilk first came out by the minister's wife, after Sir John and her ain gudeman were baith in the moulds. And then, my gudesire, what was failed in his limbs, but not in his judgment or memory—at least nothing to speak of—was obliged to tell the real narrative to his friends, for the credit of his good name. He might else have been charged for a warlock.

* * *

The MYSTERY ISLANDS of the ROARING FORTIES

Under the above title there was given in the Sphere Christmas Number of 1937 an account of the Auckland Island group and the mysterious wrecks which had taken place there from time to time.

"I have had a deal of correspondence, writes the author of the article, including three cables, following upon the appearance of 'Mystery Islands' with its striking illustrations from, among other places, Rome, Aden, India, F.M.S., Borneo (where I lived for 5½ years after the war), Australia and N. Zealand, Peru, Argentine, British Guiana, New York, Vancouver (from a 'Spirit of the Dawn' survivor, a man of 91), Manitoba and Labrador."

Letters have also reached the editor concerning this narrative and particularly in connection with the wreck of the *Dundonald*. We stated that nothing was heard of the fate of the crew. This was inaccurate, as several of the crew are known to have survived and the author actually saw them in 1907, as recounted here.

"In the month of November, 1907, my ship lay at the Bluff, most southerly town in the world, when there was landed there from the New Zealand Government relief steamer *Hinemoa* seven survivors from the wrecked four masted barque *Dundonald* which had gone on shore, to become a wreck upon the instant, in the Auckland Islands, 200 miles to the southward, on the preceding 17th March. Sixteen of the crew had got to shore alive, but of these nine had died, through 'mysterious influences.' The survivors were Knudson, 2nd Mate; Ellis, Eyre, Gratton and Walters, Apprentices; and Pul and Mariano, seamen; and all but Ellis told wild and incredible tales of Isles which, a century ago the whaling base of the London Enderby fleet, had already intrigued me by their history of fatality, causing me in my mind to name them the Graveyard of the great Southern Ocean. I determined to visit the Isles, and my chance came four years later.

"I bought a ship's lifeboat and converted her into a half-decked cutter, and single-handed sailed for the isles, with the intention of remaining in the group a fortnight. I considered myself a suitable person to investigate a sea-mystery, being by nature as unimaginative as a cabbage and not by any means affected by my surroundings. Yet, at the Aucklands, from the very moment of my arrival I felt that there were forces undiscernible either to the eye or the brain, and that some of these were of a friendly nature, and others inimical to me.

"This impression was, at first, a source of amusement to me—but before the end of the fortnight I had begun to look into it, and wonder 'what it was all about.' For the last five days or so I felt that I was never alone—there was always someone, or thing, just over my shoulder, although I never turned round to see.

"The climax to the situation occurred on the second last day of my stay. I had gone for a tramp over the hills and on returning had encountered a bad light about two hours after noon. The ground, though covered with scrub and stunted trees, was easy to negotiate and as I walked my thoughts were busy on a report it was my intention to make to Sir Douglas Mawson prior to his next trip South. From this partial abstraction I was aroused with a jerk; something invisible, yet impenetrable, stood in my way—and I knew that the something was friendly to me.

"Slightly annoyed, I sat down to wait until the inexplicable feeling should pass away, when I would resume on my last half mile to the beach. The indefinable feeling persisted, however, so I ceased to worry about it.

"I would have a feed, so I opened my haversack and took out sardines, biscuits and my thermos of chocolate, and eating, proceeding with the mental structure of the report which I was to make, to be roused out of this with another jerk—by noticing that instead of opening one tin of sardines I had opened two, the second of which I had placed with a biscuit, half behind me; over my shoulder in fact. This was enough. I got to my feet, and then saw that I was within ten feet of a narrow deep gorge, visibility being better. The side on which I stood was precipitous, and when I threw a sizeable boulder into it I counted from twenty one to twenty seven before the sound of its fall returned to me.

"I 'gave it up,' and left for civilisation on the day following, with no wish to ever again visit the Isles of Despair."

A detailed account of the adventures of the survivors of the *Dundonald's* crew on the Auckland Islands has been published in book form by Messrs. Partridge, under the title of "The Castaways of Disappointment Island." It reads as a straight-forward narrative. The actual text was written by the Rev. H. Escott-Inman, from particulars received by him from Charles Eyre, one of the survivors.

THE DOLL'S HOUSE: CONCLUDED

On the basket-work chest of drawers stands a pair of candle snuffers, a necessary ornament when rooms were lit entirely by candle-light.

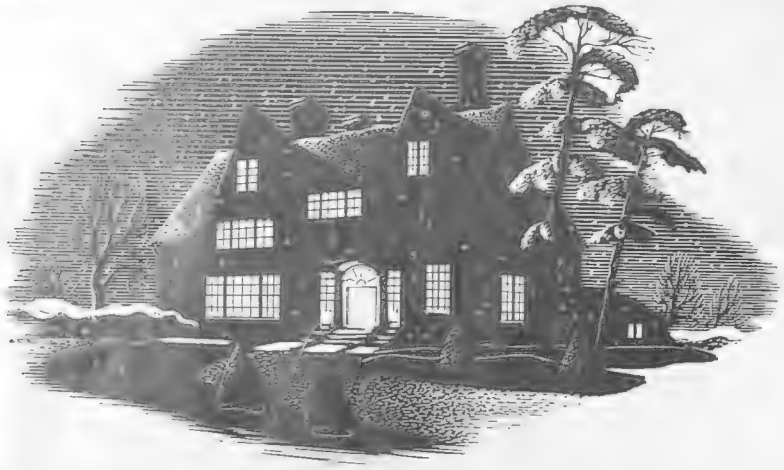
Butcher's Shop (*see page* 54)

This amusing butcher's shop, with its various grim-looking joints and fat, be-whiskered proprietor and assistants, records the Englishman's reputation as a heavy meat-eater! Obviously the demand for large joints was still great in the middle of the last century.

The knives and choppers, the small boy with the mallet for beating steaks, the sawdust on the floor and realistic pools of blood, depict the care for imitative perfection in children's toys.

Postal Rates for this Sphere Christmas Number:—

England and Abroad 4½d. Canada ... ... 1½d.



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Home Talkies, that is the answer.

However packed the festive season may be with entertainment and fun, the moment when the screen lights up and music fills the air, is universally acclaimed.

Filmosound Home Talkies are designed and built by the world's leading producers of professional cinema equipment. The apparatus occupies an amazingly small space and can be operated with utmost simplicity. Give your guests this pleasant Christmas surprise. The popularity of Home Talkies is growing, but they still represent the most novel form of home entertainment available.

Any high class photographic dealer will be pleased to arrange a demonstration, or we will send further particulars.

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Made from a base of pure natural vegetable oils in a combination which produces the finest tonic hair dressing modern science can evolve. Discriminating men prefer

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The Arch-Tempter of Appetite

FAMED THROUGHOUT FIVE REIGNS FOR ITS MELTING TENDERNESS AND FLAVOUR . . . McCALL'S PAYSANDU OX-TONGUE HOLDS FIRST PLACE TO-DAY

From early Victorian days, Paysandu Ox-Tongue has held a distinguished place amongst the good things of the table. Epicures and 'bonvivants' of those spacious days praised the exquisite tastiness and tenderness of this tongue just as the moderns do to-day. There never was, there never will be, a tongue more appetising and delicious than Paysandu. No cold collation is complete without it. There's a reason, of course, for the outstanding excellence of McCall's Paysandu Ox-Tongue—**it is guaranteed finest selected Ox-Tongue only.** All good grocers sell Paysandu—in small tins for breakfast and lunch and large tins for parties.

McCALL'S

PAYSANDU

Ox-Tongues

McCALL & CO., LTD., KING WILLIAM STREET HOUSE, ARTHUR STREET, E.C.4.

AN ECHO from EDENTON:

A nugget of roughly melted-down gold discovered near the mouth of the Pamlico river, North Carolina, revives tales of Blackbeard's Buried Treasure.

In the Christmas number of 1937 an account was given of the town of Edenton, in N. Carolina. Its connection with the old piratical days of the early eighteenth century lent the place a special interest for the SPHERE, and a visit of discovery was made on behalf of this newspaper by Mr. Nelson Springer. The old-world fascination of the place was recorded by him, and in his exploration of the town and its history Mr. Springer was much assisted by Mr. Richard Dillard Dixon, clerk of the Superior Court of Edenton. To Mr. Dixon, the SPHERE is further indebted for the information which follows of the ploughing up of a gold nugget by a negro farmer in the neighbourhood of the mouth of the Pamlico River. As there have continued to this day stories of Edward Teach having buried his treasure somewhere in this region, the discovery of this roughly cast nugget roused considerable interest. A full account of the finding of the nugget was given by the News and Observer of Raleigh, N.C., and from it we take the following:—

"THE PROUDEST MOMENT OF MY LIFE . . ."

Drawn by Hailstone

Guy Swindell was repairing a watch in Stewart's jewellery store in Washington when a Negro from the country came in and, after looking uneasily about to make sure that no suspicious strangers were around, drew what looked like a dirty piece of molten brass from his pocket and asked that it be inspected.

Swindell took it casually and scraped a small area. Under his breath, he whistled. He turned it rapidly, viewing the exposed area with his glass.

"Where'd you get it?" Dallas Jordan smiled.

"What's it worth?"

Guy Swindell squinted at the fragment of gold ingot through his glass.

"I can't tell exactly," he replied truthfully.

The Negro took his gold and departed.

That was in the middle of last June.

* * *

Two hundred and twenty years ago this fall the Pirate Edward Teach, better known as Blackbeard, and the most notorious buccaneer who operated in North Carolina waters, was slain by Lieut. Robert Maynard, commander of the sloop *Pearl*, which was sent down from the James River by Governor Spottswood of the Colony of Virginia to rid the Carolina waters of Blackbeard's pirates, against whom Governor Charles Eden of North Carolina was impotent.

Ever since then people have been looking for Blackbeard's buried treasure, for legend, if not history, placed it somewhere along the banks of the Pamlico, which Blackbeard frequented during his last days after capturing two French merchantmen.

In "Captain Johnson's" famous work there is a chapter relating to Edward Teach, and in it appears this passage.

"The night before he (Blackbeard) was killed he sat up and drank 'til morning with some of his own men and the master of a merchantman: and having had intelligence of the two sloops coming to attack him, one of the men asked him in case anything should happen to him in the engagement of the sloops, whether his wife knew where he had buried his money. He answered that nobody but himself and the devil knew where it was, and the longest liver should take all."

The U.S. Secret Service investigates "buried gold" nowadays, and Secret Serviceman Edward Thomas went thoroughly into the Jordan find. He found everything in order.

you can't go to all the parties!

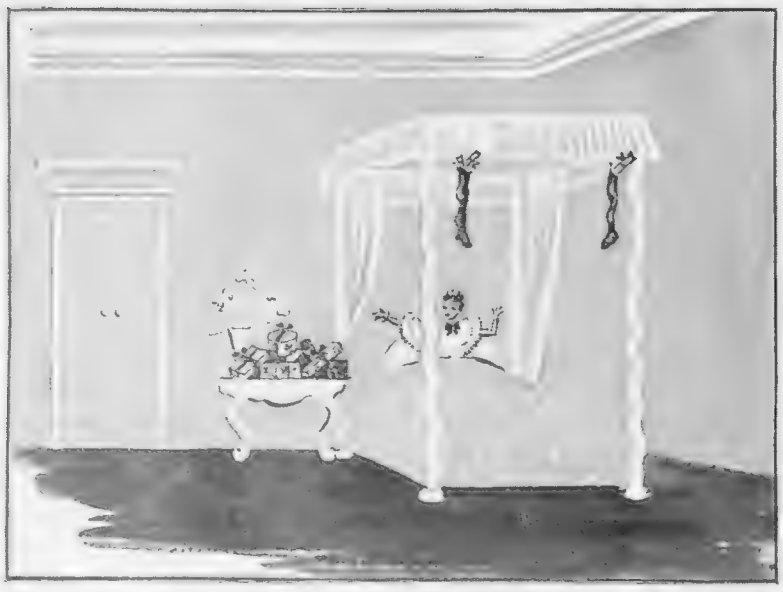
so send a

Greetings

telegram

One penny a word, with a minimum of ninepence, is all it costs to have your good wishes joyously delivered on a festive form, enclosed in a golden envelope. Either hand your telegram in at any Post Office, or 'phone through to "Telegrams".

Gifts



Don't forget Her

You provide the girl-friend, sister, mother or sweetheart, and we provide the gifts. Harvey Nichols is the place to come. Harvey Nichols have everything that is lovely. Gloves, handkerchiefs, fine stockings, lingerie, jewellery, furs. And Harvey Nichols will put her gift in a beautiful box.

Harvey Nichols and Co., Ltd., London, S.W.1

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CLUB "COLOUR"

CUFF LINKS

In Silver (or finished Gilt) with enamelled " colours " and crest, as illustrated at top. From stock or made to order, 12/6 per pair. (Case for same, 2/- extra.)

•

As above, but in heavier quality, complete in case as lower illustration, 22/6 per pair. To order only.

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Also made to order in 9 ct. and 18 ct. Gold.

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TIES, SQUARES, SCARVES, SWEATERS, BLAZERS, BADGES, CIGARETTE CASES, LIGHTERS, POUCHES, FLAPJACKS, BROOCHES, TANKARDS, etc.

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Gifts for the Home

WALNUT or MAHOGANY BUREAU

of fine quality and finish, with lined fall. 2ft. 6in. wide. Price **£7.10.0**

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An amply proportioned easy chair upholstered on modern lines in contrasting wool tapestries. All hair. Price **£10.15.0**

CHARMING LOW COFFEE TABLE

in figured Walnut. 24 in. diameter, 16 in. high. Price **£3.10.0**

Furniture Galleries 2nd Floor

from Whiteleys

QUEENSWAY, BAYSWATER, W.2

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Dress Individuality Outdoor and Indoor . . .

A woman's personality finds convincing outlet in the clothes she chooses to wear. The asset of costume smartness she achieves by a primary discrimination in the quality of materials employed in the making; an adherence to (or anticipation of) prevailing fashion; a final choice of models that are expressions of good taste and delineation. Her boudoir elegance too is of equal importance. It demands (if only by tradition) a subtlety of charm and complete femininity by luxurious excellence.

Burberry tailored costumes emphasise the fact that the simple note in design—characteristic of Burberry creations—not only illustrates the artistic interpretation of new fashions but adds to the distinction of their tailored dress. Novel treatment of detail, lovely fabrics, perfect cutting and craftsmanship make them outstanding in town, in the country, on the racecourse, on the golf links, in all fashionable resorts.

There is a large and varied collection of town costumes, country suits and two- and three-piece suits on view at Haymarket. If a personal call is impracticable, illustrations, patterns and prices will be sent on mention of "The Sphere."

Boudoir Adornment . . .

Burberry exclusive designs are attractive both in the materials incorporated in the model and the selection of colour contrasts. The dressing gown illustrated is of man-tailored pure silk satin interlined with desmettre. In colours of powder blue/wine, rose pink/powder blue - - - - **6½ Gns.**

BURBERRYS LTD.

HAYMARKET, LONDON, S.W.1

Paris · New York · Buenos Aires

Give the pen with the golden reputation

When you come to think of it, a Swan is everything a good gift *should* be—intensely practical, completely reliable, a constant reminder of the giver for many years to come. Remember, too, that you have the choice between two different but equally up-to-date types — the Visofil for extra-large capacity and full ink visibility and the Leverless, which is second to none for ease and speed in filling. Both are guaranteed without time limit and can be seen (along with other models) at any Stationers or Jewellers.

Swan Pens

Prices to suit everyone : — The Visofil Swan, 25/-. The Leverless Swan from 17/6. Lever filling Swans from 10/6. Blackbird Pens 7/6. Available in black or colours with nibs to suit all hands. Fyne-Poynt Pencils to match most Swan Pens from 5/-. Gift Sets (pen and pencil complete in presentation case) from 13/6.

Descriptive lists on application.

Made throughout in the British Isles by Mabie, Todd & Co., Ltd., Sunderland House, Curzon Street, Mayfair, London, W.1. Also at 133-135 Oxford Street, W.1 ; 79 High Holborn, W.C.1 ; 114 Cheapside, E.C.2 ; 95 Regent Street, W.1 ; and at 3 Exchange Street, Manchester.

A Beautiful and TIMELY GIFT!

which displays exquisite taste and gives to the wearer a sense of joyous possession. An INTERNATIONAL Watch with a BRITANNIC Bracelet solves the gift problem for you because it combines beauty with absolute dependability. BRITANNIC Watch Bracelets are examples of British craftsmanship carrying a guarantee of 5 years constant wear, during which time the springs will be renewed free of charge by any jeweller. Ask to see the range of BRITANNIC Watch Bracelets at all good jewellers.

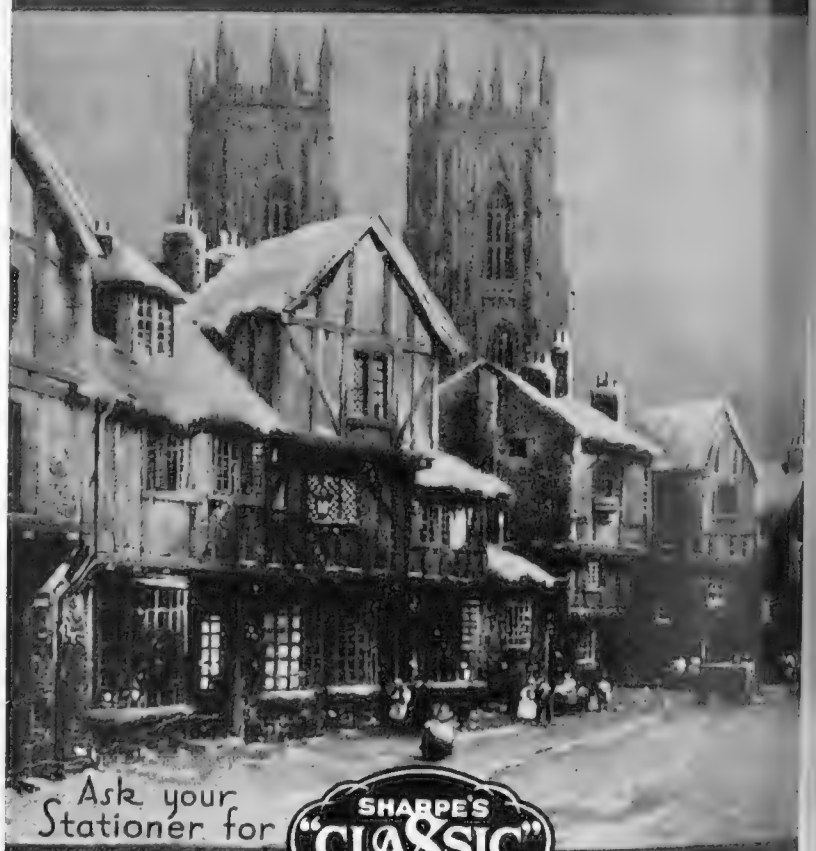
Give an

'INTERNATIONAL' WATCH WITH A BRITANNIC E-X-P-A-N-D-I-N-G REGD Watch Bracelet

Obtainable complete with watches in modern styles or BRITANNIC Expanding Watch Bracelets alone with hooks to replace straps.

EDWIN HARROP, LTD.
99-119, Rosebery Avenue, London, E.C.1
Sole concessionaires for the famous International Watches

TOKENS of GOOD TASTE



Ask your Stationer for SHARPE'S "CLASSIC"

Christmas Cards

FOR CHRISTMAS PARTIES

Sweeping and picturesque is the black moiré Evening Coat which is heavily quilted. The other model also has old-world charm with its Edwardian Princess line. It is in geranium red cloque lamé. These models are priced at twenty-five guineas each.

Coat Salon Ground Floor

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
Oxford Street, London, W.1.

with Solignum Wood Preserving Stain

No unprotected timber is ever safe from infestation by **Dry-rot** spores and the consequent damage Dry-rot causes. In tropical climates the added menace of **White Ants** makes it still more important that timber should be safely protected against these pests. Unprotected roof beams, floor joists and other structural woodwork is liable to attack also by **Death-Watch Beetle** and Furniture Beetle.

There is, however, one certain protection against all the enemies of timber—Solignum Wood Preserving Stain.

Repairs and renewals are costly. Avoid this expense by timely treatment with Solignum, the leading Wood Preservative, used throughout the world for more than thirty-five years.

SOLIGNUM

WOOD PRESERVATIVE

Made in 18 different colours.

FREE: Send a p.c. for Colour Card P.11.

SOLE MAKERS & PROPRIETORS: SOLIGNUM LTD., 205 BOROUGH HIGH ST., LONDON, S.E.1

WELCOME ALWAYS
KEEP IT HANDY

GRANT'S
Morella
CHERRY
BRANDY

QUEEN'S-The Original SPORTSMAN'S - Dry

"GRANT'S is a lovely idea for Xmas Parties and Xmas Gifts."

Whispers Little Lady Liqueur

Cuff Link Comfort

Stratton's Improved Cuff Links allow the cuffs to be drawn up the arm without removing links. Hand will pass in and out of cuff when dressing!

2/6 AND 3/6 PAIR

EXTENDED CLOSED

From leading GENTS OUTFITTERS including AUSTIN REED MEAKERS, HORNIMANS and POPE'S

Stratton's IMPROVED CUFF LINKS

Made in England STRATTON & Co., BIRMINGHAM

★ *Insist on*

A.G.

BRAND ELVAS PLUMS

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL

FOR ALL SHADES OF HAIR.
IT PROMOTES THE GROWTH, GIVES LIFE AND LUSTRE, AND LONG DELAYS BALDNESS

3/6, 7/- and 10/6
from Chemists, Stores & Hairdressers

Send for Free Booklet on the Hair

Regd. Trade Mark

A. ROWLAND & SONS, LTD.,
22, LAYSTALL STREET, ROSEBERY AVENUE, LONDON, E.C.1

FOOT'S ADJUSTABLE REST-CHAIR

THE "BURLINGTON."

Automatic Adjustable Back.

AN IDEAL EASY CHAIR THAT CAN BE INSTANTLY CHANGED INTO A SEMI- OR FULL-LENGTH COUCH. Simply press a button and the back declines or automatically rises. Release the button and the back is instantly locked. The sides open outwards, affording easy access. The Leg Rest is adjustable to various inclinations, and when not in use it slides under the seat.

Catalogue C9 of Adjustable Chairs Post Free.

168, Gt. Portland St. LONDON, W.1.

DEAF CALL or write for FREE AURAMETER TEST

Whatever the cause, extent or duration (head-noises) 'ARDENTE' will help you to HEAR NOTHING IN or ON the EARS simply and inconspicuously. A boon for Church, Business and Social life. Talkies, Telephone (without attachment), Radio and the whole world of sound. Street safety.

ARDENTE LTD. 309 OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1. (opposite John Lewis) Mayfair 1380/1718/0947

MR. H. DENT'S Ardente FOR DEAF EARS

THE WORLD'S GREATEST HEARING SERVICE

The **FINEST ROADS** *in* **EUROPE**

ITALY

with her mountains, lakes and glorious sea shores, her precious art treasures and majestic monuments, is within comfortable range of a three weeks' motor tour.

- Special TOURIST Rate of Exchange.
- HOTEL COUPONS from 5/- to 18/- a day absolutely inclusive.
- Petrol at 1s. 1d. a Gallon.

For information and descriptive booklets apply to :—

ITALIAN STATE TOURIST DEPARTMENT (E. N. I. T.), 38, Piccadilly, London, W.1.

or to ANY TRAVEL AGENCY.

Any P.D.S.A. Dispensary any day of the week could provide a picture like this. All day long sick or injured animals and their "bosses" young and old, arrive to wait their turn for free treatment.

Every year the P.D.S.A. treats over a million cases of sick and injured animals belonging to poor people. All animals treated, all treatment free.

★

The P.D.S.A. has sixty-six Dispensaries, twelve Caravan Dispensaries and seven Hospitals at Home, and is established in Eire, France, Tangier, Roumania, Greece, Egypt, South Africa, Dutch East Indies and Palestine.

★

Established 21 years ago it is the only organisation founded exclusively for the free treatment of animals.

★

Ten million medicine powders, twenty thousand bandages, five thousand yards of adhesive plaster, five tons of chloroform, one ton of cotton wool and twelve cwt. of surgeon's lint were used to alleviate the suffering of this great host of patients.

There is no Christmas for the P.D.S.A. It is a non-stop work. Day and night it must go on alleviating pain and suffering amongst the animals of poor people. Will you give them a thought this Christmastide?

Hundreds of thousands of sick and injured animals are treated free every year. It is not only the friend of the sick animal, but the friend of the poor man. It has saved many thousands from becoming unemployed by giving free treatment to the breadwinner of their families—the horse, donkey or pony.

Alas! there are thousands of poor people's animals left to suffer for lack of money. If you could only see the animals brought to our Dispensaries and Hospitals and the great work we are doing amongst them, you would want to help us immediately. We are anxious to act for you if you will make it possible, for we are entirely dependent on voluntary contributions.

Do please send a Christmas gift to the Hon. Treasurer, the Rt. Hon. Viscount Tredegar, the P.D.S.A. (these initials will be sufficient on your cheque), 14 Clifford Street, London, W.1.

To its work of healing the P.D.S.A. has added the work of protection by inventing a gas proof safety kennel. This is the only type of kennel in the world which would afford complete protection in time of emergency. Full particulars will gladly be sent on request.

This advertisement has been given to the P.D.S.A. by a generous friend as a thanks offering for peace.

THE PEOPLE'S DISPENSARY FOR SICK ANIMALS OF THE POOR, INC.
14, CLIFFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1.

CHRISTMAS KINDNESS.

THE Distressed Gentlefolks' Aid Association was formed for the relief of gentle people, who owing to various causes are in deep distress and in many cases on the verge of starvation. The Association makes weekly grants to 360 of its necessitous cases and also supplies clothing, blankets, invalid comforts, and makes special allowances to others who are in great distress. Unfortunately, the work is restricted owing to lack of funds, and they appeal for help that assistance, and perhaps a little comfort, may be given to more of the many who have found poverty and sadness in their old age. Donations, please, to Mrs. H. R. Bromley-Davenport, C.B.E., 74 Brook Green, London, W.6.

* * *

THIS year the **Peoples' Dispensary for Sick Animals,** the only organisation founded exclusively for the free treatment of poor people's animals, attains its majority—it is twenty-one years old. Its beginnings, in the winter of 1917, were of the humblest. The Founder and Hon. Director, Mrs. M. E. Dickin, O.B.E., with two assistants began work in a cellar in Whitechapel, after hanging outside a board with the words: "Bring your Sick Animals; do not let them suffer; all animals treated; all treatment free." Soon a cat was brought in suffering from mange; then two dogs, one with a broken leg, and finally an old man descended the cellar steps and asked for attention to be given to his donkey, which was standing outside in the street. Thus, the P.D.S.A. began its work.

It is now the largest international organization in the world for the free treatment of sick and injured animals belonging to poor people. It treats over one million cases a year at its well-equipped dispensaries, hospitals and motor caravan dispensaries. It works in the slums, the overcrowded districts of the great cities, and in the distressed areas of this country. Abroad it works in Eire, France, Roumania, Tangier, Egypt, Greece, South Africa, Palestine and the Dutch East Indies.

CAROLS AT DR. BARNARDO'S
Christmas at one of the homes. Over 8,000 children are cared for.

In addition to giving free treatment to hundreds of thousands of animals, the P.D.S.A. carries on a great educative work by teaching animal owners—including great numbers of children—how to care for and protect their animal friends.

But above all the P.D.S.A. is a great *practical*

Mr. J. B. PRIESTLEY

The Celebrated Author writes:

"I am certain that when people realise that The Royal Cancer Hospital is in such constant need of money to carry on its great work both as a FREE hospital and as a CENTRE OF RESEARCH into the origins of this terrible disease, they will instantly come to your support. Your Hospital, day and night, by every possible means, is fighting Cancer, and it is unthinkable that we should not come to your assistance and GIVE SOMETHING AT ONCE."

4 NEW WARDS REQUIRED

To cope with the ever-increasing work, the Committee have decided to build another four wards. At present many urgent cases are clamouring for admission and these cannot be accepted, so that further extensions are an imperative need.

Please send a SPECIAL CHRISTMAS GIFT to the Treasurer

The Royal Cancer Hospital (FREE)

FULHAM ROAD LONDON, S.W.3

Some Charities Worthy of Your Support

REMEMBER THEM THIS CHRISTMAS

A "mother" and some of the children in the care of the Waifs and Strays

work. Please send a Christmas gift to the Hon. Treasurer, the Rt. Hon. Viscount Tredegar, The P.D.S.A., 14 CliffordStreet, London, W.1.

* * *

WHAT an enormous stocking will be necessary to hold the host of Christmas gifts needed by the 8,200 children of **Dr. Barnardo's Homes**! This family, the largest the world has ever known, is composed of destitute boys and girls and babies, and for this reason it is doubly in need of your generous support. Christmas for some will be spent in a cot in a hospital ward. But Dr. Barnardo's Homes will see to it that each one of their family, be he or she sick or strong, shall rejoice with their companions during the Children's Festival. Will you then, spread a little happiness amongst these children by sending a Christmas cheque or postal order to Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1. Cheques, etc., should be crossed and made payable to "Dr. Barnardo's Homes."

* * *

THE **Royal Cancer Hospital** is supported entirely by voluntary gifts. No payments are asked from patients. The only passports are the facts that the applicant is afflicted by Cancer or Tumour, and is unable to pay. There are, inevitably, some for whom no hope of cure exists. For such, a number of beds are appropriated. There they remain well tended and in comfort for the rest of their days. For the majority the case is otherwise. It can readily be understood that the treatment of patients in this hospital involves exceptional expenditure; but not only do they require unusually costly treatment, but their general condition requires special diet. In addition to the care of patients, a Research Institute is carried on by a trained scientific staff, engaged in investigating the problems of this fell disease.

* * *

IN the last annual report of **John Groom's Crippleage and "Flower Girls'" Mission** the Secretary, Mr. Alfred G. Groom, had much of interest to say regarding the progress of this charity. "In commencing a report of the seventy-first year of the work started by my father," he said, "I ask myself whether it has been kept true to the object he had in mind at its inception. His purpose was fourfold : (1) Through The Crippleage he aimed at giving crippled girls an opportunity to contribute in some measure to their

WILL ALL

FATHERS, MOTHERS, UNCLES, AUNTS, and every one interested in children, please remember to post a contribution towards the CHRISTMAS HAPPINESS of 8,200 boys and girls in

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

of **10/-** and upwards

would be most welcome.

Cheques, etc. (crossed), payable Dr. Barnardo's Homes, should be sent to 20 Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

WILL YOU BE A 'FATHER CHRISTMAS' TO OUR CRIPPLED GIRLS?

There are large numbers of crippled girls so seriously handicapped that they cannot hope to earn a living unaided.

We have under our care 340 such girls who have become largely self-supporting because we have trained them to make beautiful artificial flowers.

We have a long Waiting List for admission to the Crippleage. Must we say No ! No ! No ! to the pathetic appeals for this aid ?

In addition, we maintain an Orphanage of 200 girls from babies up to 15 years. These, and our other activities, call for generous assistance to this Christian enterprise.

Report gladly sent on request.

JOHN GROOM'S CRIPPLEAGE AND FLOWER-GIRLS' MISSION (Inc.)

37 Sekforde Street, Clerkenwell, London, E.C.1

WHEN looking at your own loved one, or of those of other families. . . .
DO YOU ever think of that other child—for whose protection the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children came into existence 54 years ago ?

But for the intervention of this National Voluntary Society last year, 120,995 future citizens would be suffering to-day.

Please SEND A CHRISTMAS GIFT to Wm. J. Elliott, O.B.E., Director, N.S.P.C.C., Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2

ONE MILLION HALF CROWNS Needed Every Year

N·S·P·C·C

OUR SAILORS *share Christmas too!*

AWAY FROM HOME in ports all over the world, Sailors will share the good will of the festive season through the British Sailors' Society Homes and Hostels. Sailors' widows and dependants, lighthouse crews, lightship keepers, too, will be remembered.

These world-wide Parties have become a tradition. This year is the 120th Sailors' Society Christmas.

Please give Jack a happy Christmas through the

BRITISH SAILORS' SOCIETY

Kindly send a gift to the Rt. Hon. Sir Frederick Sykes, 680 Commercial Road, London, E.14. (Herbert E. Barker, General Secretary.)

4,800 BABIES, CRIPPLES, BOYS AND GIRLS NOW IN OUR CARE

1/- will provide a Christmas stocking
2/6 will purchase a pudding
5/- will feed a child for one week
£1 will provide a CHRISTMAS DINNER for 20 children

WILL YOU BE THEIR SANTA CLAUS?

42,000 CHILDREN ALREADY PROVIDED FOR

The Smallest GIFT Gratefully received by The Secretary

WAIFS & STRAYS SOCIETY

KENNINGTON LONDON S.E.11.

IMPERIAL CANCER RESEARCH FUND

Patron—HIS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE KING.
President—THE RT. HON. VISCOUNT HALIFAX, K.G., P.C.
Chairman of the Executive Committee—SIR HUMPHRY ROLLESTON, BT., G.C.V.O., K.C.B.
Hon. Treasurer—SIR HOLBURT WARING, BT., C.B.E., F.R.C.S.
Director—DR. W. E. GYE.

Founded in 1902, under the direction of the Royal College of Physicians of London and the Royal College of Surgeons of England as a centre for research and information on cancer, the Imperial Cancer Research Fund is working unceasingly on the systematic investigation of the disease in man and animals. The work of this Fund and of other great centres of research has increased our knowledge of the origin and nature of cancer and has so altered our outlook that the disease is now curable in increasing numbers. Our previous accommodation has become too limited and **we have recently built new modern laboratories** to extend the scope of our investigations. The income from investments and the Endowment Fund is insufficient to cover the total annual expenditure, and help is urgently needed to meet the heavy additional cost of expansion.

Donations, Subscriptions and Legacies are earnestly solicited and should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, c/o Royal College of Surgeons of England, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.2.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I hereby bequeath the sum of £ to the Treasurer of the Imperial Cancer Research Fund under the direction of the Royal College of Physicians of London and the Royal College of Surgeons of England, c/o Royal College of Surgeons of England, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.2, for the purpose of Scientific Research, and I direct that his receipt shall be a good discharge for such legacy.

CHRISTMAS KINDNESS.

(*Continued from page 9*)

own support, and influencing their character by caring for their material and spiritual needs. (2) In The Orphanage he endeavoured to give orphan girls the benefit of good food and clothing, a happy home life and a training in childhood for a pure and noble womanhood. (3) In his Flower Girls' Mission he sought to protect and help the flower sellers in the streets of London. (4) At Woodbridge Chapel, Clerkenwell, he was the leader of a Chapel which did valuable Christian work in the district. After seventy years the aims of the Institution remain unaltered, but we regret to report another decrease in our donations and subscriptions. Those wishing to send donations should communicate with The Secretary, The Cripplegate, 37 Sekforde Street, London, E.C.1.

* * *

ROYAL NORTHERN—it stands in a district peopled only by the poor and the very poor. We who go about our daily business or our pleasure in the City or West End have probably never seen this hospital, nor even driven in the streets which surround it. But to a million or more people living within the vast area which it serves, it is not merely a hospital, it is *the* hospital. It is the very centre of their existence, the greatest power for good in their daily work and occasional play, and without it they would be helpless, lost. They rely upon *the* hospital for the alleviation of all their pitiful ills, and this, in plain fact, means that they rely upon *us*. If you would like details of the hospital's more urgent requirements, write for the Illustrated Appeal Booklet, to the Secretary, Royal Northern Hospital, Holloway, N.7. But whatever else you do, let your achievements for this one extraordinary day be greater than your dreams, and let your generosity run wild and free about the corridors and wards and theatre of the Royal Northern Hospital.

* * *

FOUNDED in 1902, under the direction of the Royal College of Physicians of London and the Royal College of Surgeons of England as a centre for research and information on cancer, **The Imperial Cancer Research Fund** is working unceasingly on the systematic investigation of the disease in man and animals. The work of this Fund and of other great centres of research has increased our knowledge of the origin and nature of cancer and has so altered our outlook that the disease is now curable in increasing numbers. The income from investments and the Endowment Fund is insufficient to cover the total annual expenditure and, moreover, the present laboratories have become too small for the scope of the work. Administrative costs over a long period of years have consumed only 10 per cent. of the total annual expenditure, but the need for expansion makes it imperative for the Fund to appeal to the generous help of the Public. Donations, subscriptions and legacies are earnestly solicited and should be sent to the Honorary Treasurer, 8-11 Queen Square, London, W.C.1.

* * *

CANCER is of urgent interest to every one of us. It kills one person in seven over the age of thirty-five. It attacks rich and poor, old and young, and brings suffering and infinite sadness in its train. **The British Empire Cancer Campaign** through its research centres is conducting an energetic attack upon the disease, not only is it trying to discover the cause, but it has been extremely successful through research in improving methods of treatment. It can be truly said that the sun never sets upon the battle against cancer, for in the Campaign's branches throughout the Homeland, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa the struggle for conquest is being carried on unceasingly, unweariedly, indomitably. The Honorary Treasurer in charge of the War Chest can be communicated with at 12 Grosvenor Crescent, S.W.1.

N.S.P.C.C.
One of the hosts of children cared for by this world famed society

* * *

NO one can doubt that **The National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children** is performing a most necessary work. As N.S.P.C.C. statistics show, the need for this voluntary national work has increased with the years and, paradoxical as it may seem, the more that is accomplished the more there remains to be done. The Director, William J. Elliott, O.B.E., at the Society's headquarters, Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2, will welcome the interest and support of readers.

* * *

CHARLES at eight years old, can neither read nor write. Undernourished, nervous, uncared for, he was absolutely unwanted—until the **Waifs and Strays' Society** heard of his plight, and this year he will spend his first really happy Christmas in one of their Homes. His will be just one of nearly 5,000 stockings which the Society will have to fill on Christmas Eve. The

The General Hospital serving a Million Poor

RNH

The Hospital serves a million poor in North London and there are very many mothers among the patients whose families anxiously await their return.
Everywhere in this district there is poverty, hardship and suffering, but very little money.
£174,000 has been received or promised towards £350,000 needed for reconditioning and rebuilding.
Please send a Christmas gift to the Treasurer.

ROYAL NORTHERN HOSPITAL

HOLLOWAY, LONDON, N.7

PARENTS DAY ON THE "ARETHUSA"
The boys giving an exhilarating display of physical jerks

Society's large family is scattered all over the country in small Homes or boarded-out. At least three children every day come under its care and no destitute child is ever turned away. It is at present caring for 100 more children than at this time last year. Nearly 500 of the children in the Society's Homes are crippled, and special Hospital Homes are provided for them where they are made straight and strong by sun-ray and expert surgical treatment.

* * *

FOR ninety-five years **The Shaftesbury Homes and "Arethusa" Training Ship** has helped poor c ildren on the Road of Life. Since the founding of this Society in 1843, over 34,169 poor boys and girls have passed through the Society's Homes and Training Ship. These children have been trained to become good and useful citizens of our great Empire. The quality of the training that poor boys of good character receive in the Training Ship *Arethusa* can be judged by the fact that during the Great War, in the attack on Zeebrugge, an old *Arethusa* Boy was awarded the V.C., while seven others were awarded the D.S.M. Some of the finest seamen received their early training in the *Arethusa* and to-day, the *Arethusa* is preparing boys for the Royal Navy or Merchant Navy. No door-to-door collectors are engaged by the Society and all donations will be gratefully acknowledged from the Headquarters at 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

* * *

SOME years ve elapsed since a lady—appalled at the distressing sights to be seen n tly in one of our most famous thoroughfares—the Thames Embankment—decid o use her endeavours in some way to mitigate the hard lot of London's "down-and-outs." iss Betty Baxter, or to give her the title by which she is better known and loved by her nble friends—the Silver Lady—commenced her campaign by driving nightly to Charing oss. Here she would round up the "dossers" and at the neighbouring offee stall provid em with a free meal and a gift of silver to purchase a night's shelter. The numbers of h protégés have grown apace until at the present time when her mobile office stall (which s been found necessary to cope with the demands) draws up at the Admiralty Arch at dnight a crowd of between six and seven hundred of London's homeless and hopeless a agerly awaiting its coming. And none is turned away. Can we wonder that the name of t Silver Lady is one to conjure with in the underworld of London? Her offices are at dor Street, E.C.4.

* * *

IN many home overseas ports our men of the sea are reminded by the Institutes and Hostels of the itish **Sailors' Society** that they are not "out of sight, out of mind." Their home fo re still thinking of them and through this Society providing them with the hospitalit at makes a foreign port at Christmastide "just like home." Distressed sailors, sailors' wi s and dependents, lighthouse crews and lightship keepers are also being helped. A d ation to this cause will make your Christmas a happier one. The Rt. Hon. Sir Frederic ykes, Hon. Treasurer, British Sailors' Society, 680 Commercial Road, London, E.14, will dly welcome Christmas gifts.

* * *

THE great voluntary hospitals probably suffer to a greater degree than any other type of institution during, and long after periods of national emergency such as we have known this autumn. An immediate reaction to troubled times is that the flow of subscriptions and gifts practically ceases; while at the same time the hospital is, for reasons outside its control, compelled to increase its expenditure. It was recognized, even before the crisis developed, that Guy's must obtain an additional income from voluntary sources amounting to at least £20,000 a year. The King Edward's Hospital Fund for London has generously offered, on certain conditions, up to half this amount on a pound for pound basis for all additional voluntary income obtained within the present year in excess of the average received in the preceding three years. This means that a gift made now to Guy's will be automatically doubled. Donations to The Treasurer, Guy's Hospital, London Bridge, S.E.1.

HOT TEA, BREAD and DRIPPING at Midnight

is given free to hundreds of homeless and hungry men and women from

THE SILVER LADY'S

NIGHT TRAVELLING CAFÉ

Many thousands of Bed and Breakfast Tickets also given.

Please help by sending a Xmas Gift of money to MISS BETTY BAXTER:

THE SILVER LADY FUND, 6 TUDOR STREET, LONDON, E.C.4.

John's Life Began

when he came under the Society's care. The unfortunate preceding years are forgotten and now John and his 1,200 poor brothers and sisters are being maintained and trained to become worthy citizens. The boys are trained for definite trades—the girls for domestic service.

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This Christmas, please make a collection amongst your friends to help carry on this National work.

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1. By laboratory research into the causes and cure of cancer.
2. By clinical cancer research at the great Teaching Hospitals.
3. By financial aid to many institutions engaged in the fight against cancer.
4. By medical propaganda impressing upon the public the urgent necessity of seeking advice in the early stages of the disease.

BRITISH EMPIRE CANCER CAMPAIGN
QUID REFERT QUIS OPUS FACIAT MODO DENIQUE FIAT

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His Majesty The King.
President:
H.R.H. The Duke of Gloucester, K.G.

As a thank offering for Peace, please send a gift to the Hon. Treasurer to enable this humanitarian war to go on.

BRITISH EMPIRE CANCER CAMPAIGN

Please send a Special Christmas Gift to the Hon. Treasurer:

British Empire Cancer Campaign, 12, Grosvenor Crescent, London, S.W.1.

CHRISTMAS

A really warm fire and perhaps some little unexpected gift would bring such joy to 360 destitute, mostly aged and infirm, ladies and gentlemen now being cared for by the

Distressed Gentlefolks' Aid Association

This Christmas please remember those who have found sadness and poverty in their old age.

The Secretary, 74, Brook Green, London, W.6

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The Good Companions

Dewar's

"White Label"

well to the Fore!

Old London Bridge before the Fire of 1632

from the painting by Claude de Jongh in the Victoria and Albert Museum

THE FRONTISPIECE of this ISSUE

Notes concerning the Great Frosts upon the Thames when Old London Bridge stemmed the river's flow

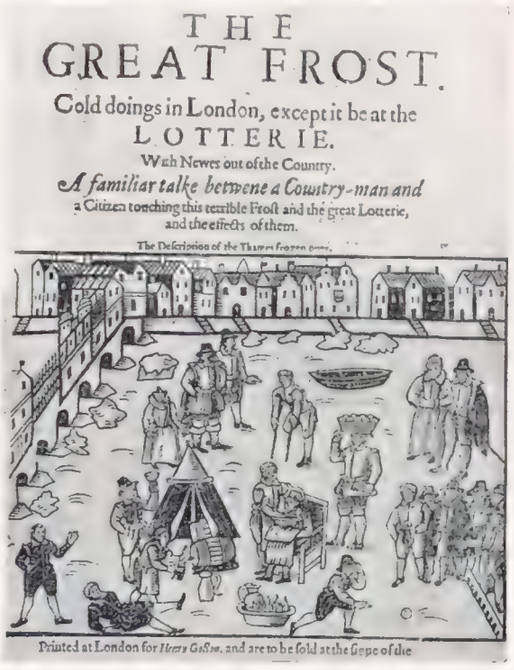
ENGLISH chronicles have recorded many great frosts upon the Thames, from Norman times, giving accounts of severe winters lasting for many weeks. The river, blocked by old London Bridge with its many narrow arches, could not get rid of the ice formed higher up, with the result that the citizens of London found that their water highway had become a solid thoroughfare over which carts could be driven in safety. The great frost of 1684 has been fully described by so excellent an observer as John Evelyn who gives a day by day account of the actitivies on the river. This exceptional frost started at the beginning of December, 1683, continued throughout January, until the thaw started on the 4th of February. It quite changed the usual life of the city—ships had to unload below the bridge, and hackney coaches instead of boats, carried people across the river.

Shopmen promptly took the opportunity to set up booths upon the ice, to which all Londoners had been attracted—and which was so thick "as to beare not only streetes of boothes in which they roasted meate, and had divers shops of wares quite acrosse as in a towne, but coaches, carts, and horses passed over."

It also became a Fun Fair, with every kind of amusement, sledges and skating, puppet plays, horse races, bull-baiting, football, and a whirling chair attached by a long rope to a stake. There was even a foxhunt upon the ice. One of the great attractions was a printing booth, where visitors could get their names printed, with the statement that it had been done upon the Thames. "This humour took so universally, that 'twas estimated," says Evelyn, "the printer gained about £5 a day for printing a line onely at sixpence a name."

But there were many disadvantages from this prolonged frost, which brought much suffering to the poorer people. Everyone had to put up with lack of water, as all pipes were frozen. There was also much fog, a condition heartily objected to by Evelyn. "London, by reason of the excessive coldness of the aire hindering the ascent of the smoke, was so fill'd with this fuliginous steame of the sea-coale, that hardly could one see across the streetes; and this filling the lungs with its gross particles, exceedingly obstructed the breath, so as one could scarcely breathe."

Charles II visited the Fun Fair, with Queen Katharine, and his brother James, Duke of York, and other members of the royal family, and had all their names printed on a special card. Oddly enough, Samuel Pepys does not seem to have joined the throng upon the ice, or at least to have made little or no comment upon a form of conviviality which would appear to be much to his liking.


THE
GREAT FROST.
Cold doings in London, except it be at the
LOTTERIE.
With Newes out of the Country.
A familiar talke betwene a Country-man and
a Citizen touching this terrible Frost and the great Lotterie,
and the effects of them.
The Description of the Thames frozen over.
Printed at London for Henry Gosson, and are to be sold at the Sepe of the

THE GREAT FROST OF 1608: This title page comes from a rare tract entitled "Cold doings in London, except it be at the Lotterie: with Newes out of the Country, a familiar talke betwene a Country-man and a Citizen touching this terrible Frost and the great Lotterie, and the effects of them." The frost had been broken by a thaw, only to return with renewed strength, enabling the usual Fair to be set up, with the various amusements. The ice was so thick that many fires were made upon it.

There were other great frosts in 1715, and again in 1759, the last tremendous season being in 1814, in which the scene described by Evelyn was repeated. Shops and sports of all kinds drew crowds on to the ice, with the same style of printing presses selling verses such as the following:

"You that walk here and do design to tell
Your children's children what this year befell,
Come buy this print, and it will then be seen,
That such a year as this hath seldom seen."

The interest and excitement of the Ice Fair on the Thames in 1814 was so great that the visitors took no heed of the change in the weather and ventured on the ice after it had become unsafe. Three people were cut off on a piece of ice which broke away from the main mass, and were carried through one of the arches, being lucky enough to be rescued by some fishermen. But two reckless young men lost their lives through disregarding all warnings, and attempting to cross the ice, after the thaw had set in.

When the famous old bridge was removed, the possibility of a completely frozen Thames passed away. The arches were too broad to impede the flow of any small ice blocks down the river, and in consequence the merry winter sports have ceased upon the Thames in London.

THE GREAT FROST OF 1814: This was the last time that the Thames was frozen over, for the damage done to London Bridge by the frost decided the authorities to destroy the old bridge, whose narrow arches had acted as a barrier, collecting floating ice into a solid mass. The scene depicted shows one of the chief passages across the ice, between Blackfriars Bridge and Three Crane's Wharf. In one of the booths a sheep was roasted—a shilling being charged for a slice of what was called Laplan'd Mutton.

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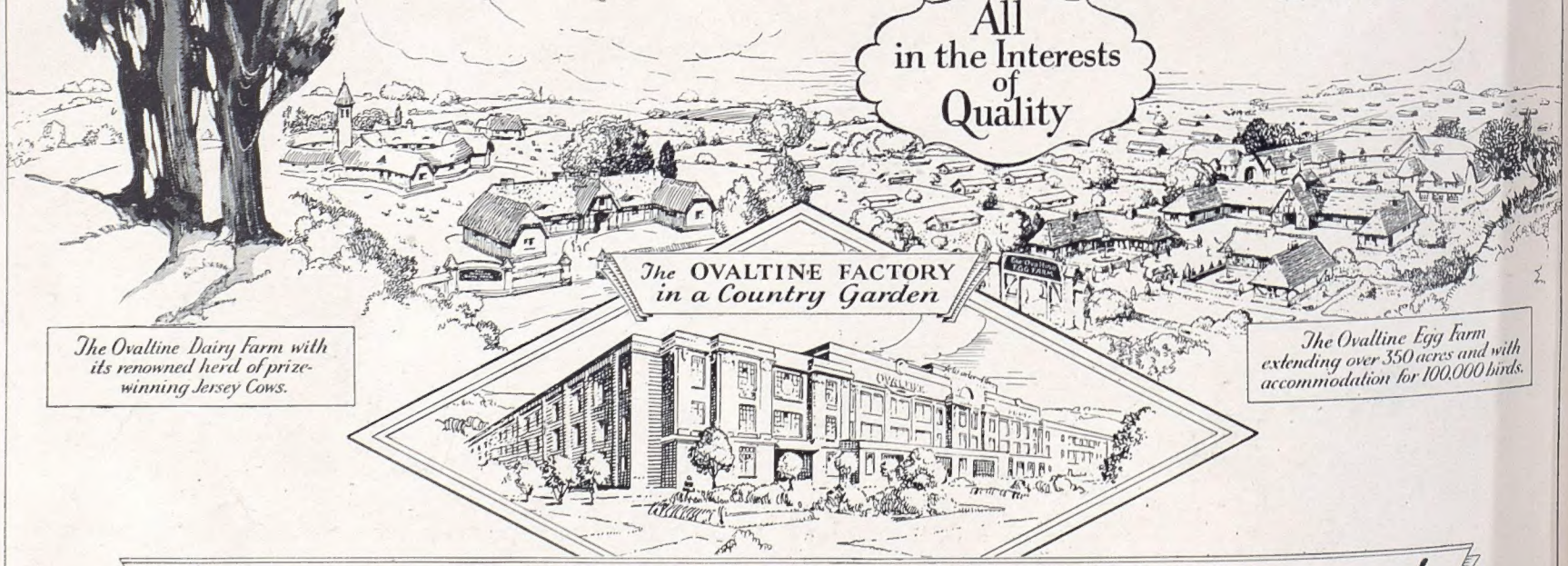

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